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SEPTEMBER 29, 1975

®

TIME

A black and white portrait of Patricia Hearst, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. Her dark, curly hair frames her face. The portrait is set against a dark background and is the central focus of the magazine cover.

APPREHENDED

Patricia Hearst, alias Tania

LUXURY IS BUILT IN. NOT TACKED ON.

The luxury of a Volvo 164 isn't something you just see. It's something you feel. A sense of elegance that's not gaudily apparent. But very much real.

Inside, for example, there are no brocades or wood-grain veneers. Yet, in its own way, the interior of the 164 reeks of quality. You can smell the fine leather used to face the seats. And these seats are a luxury in themselves. Numerous automotive journals have pronounced them "among the most comfortable in the world."

On the dashboard, no fancy dials or gadgets. The only instrument you may be unfamiliar with is the tachometer. Which in the 164 bears watching. The three liter, fuel-injected engine is so smooth and quiet, the tachometer is sometimes the only way to tell if you're in second or fourth gear. (No extra charge for 4-speed manual with overdrive or automatic transmission.)

Exposed structural parts of the Volvo body are made of rustproof galvanized steel.

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Its overall styling, like all the world's truly elegant cars, is if anything over understated. It cannot be confused with those so-called luxury cars whose arrival loudly proclaims, "dollars, dollars, dollars!"

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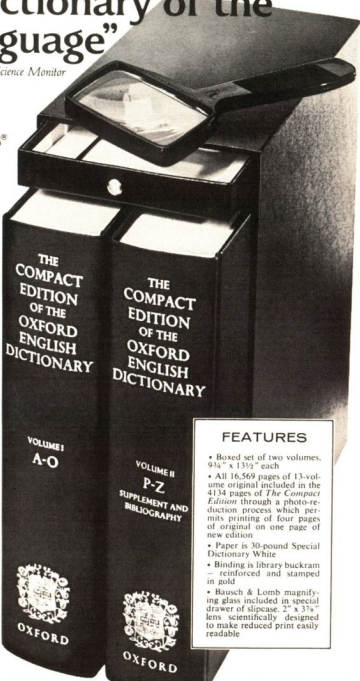
The *New York Times* book critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt has said of this edition: "It is something of a miracle. . . . *The Compact Edition* is easier to work with than the original with its 13 separate volumes."

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- If you wish to purchase the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically.
- If you do not want the Selection — or you would like one of the Alternates, or no book at all — simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the News and mail it so we receive it by the date specified.
- If, because of late mail delivery of the News, you should receive a Selection without having had 10 days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.



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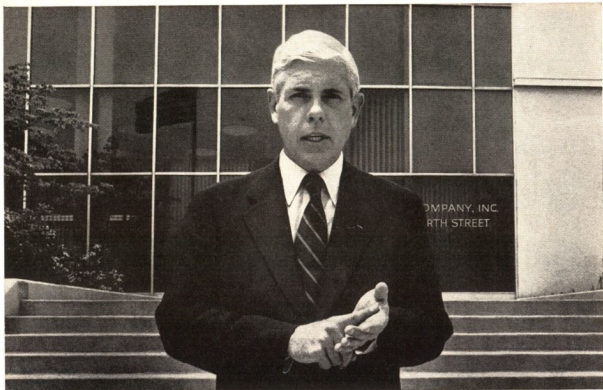
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to any one insurance company, so they can give you the kind of expert, objective advice you already expect from a doctor or lawyer.

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The Red Baron

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At any rate, it's certainly worth a call to your travel agent or Lufthansa for more information.



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Your next can of beer may have been a Coors can that was a Falstaff can that was a Carling can.

The aluminum beer cans chilling in your cooler may have led other lives. Possibly as soft drink cans. Possibly as iced tea cans. Possibly as other beer cans. All because of aluminum's recyclability.

It's no secret that aluminum cans are popular with people. They like them because they're lightweight, chill quickly, open with a snap and are friendly to food. Unfortunately, some of these cans end up in places we'd prefer they didn't. Like streets, roads, woods and beaches. So, Alcoa's doing something. Alcoa is supporting "Yes We Can" recycling programs in areas where there are enough aluminum cans

to economically justify collection efforts. People are picking them up. By the millions.

Through combined recycling center collections of the aluminum and beverage industries, almost six

billion cans have been recovered since 1970 and over 30 million dollars have been paid to collectors.

Although aluminum is the most abundant metallic element in the earth's crust, recycling aluminum cans is a sensible way to help conserve this natural resource. It requires only 5 percent as much energy to recycle the metal in an aluminum can as it takes to make the metal in the first place.

If you would like more information on aluminum can recycling and how one community established a reclamation program, please write for our free brochures. Aluminum Company of America, 976-J Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.



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The Love That Won't Shut Up

To the Editors:

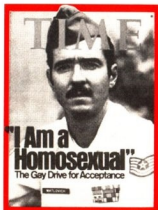
Homosexuality [Sept. 8] was once called "the love that dare not speak its name." Now it won't shut up.

*Althea L. Hart
 Kenosha, Wis.*

Disgusting, repulsive, lowbrow, nauseating, I'm no Victorian, but those individuals should crawl into a hole and get it in after them—and take TIME with them.

*(Mrs.) Hila Parsons
 Bennington, N.H.*

Courageous Sergeant Matlovich has the silent good wishes of millions of us who are unable to fight, afraid to fight.



or just too damn tired of fighting for our just liberation. I hope to see him on your cover again—as Man of the Year. "Man" in every sense of the word.

*John Callahan
 Norfolk*

I was revolted by Matlovich's face proclaiming "I am a homosexual." He is a disgrace to the uniform of an honorable service.

*Morton A. Roth
 Marietta, Ga.*

Only in the armed forces can you be highly decorated for killing thousands of your fellow men and be drummed out of the corps if you dare to love one.

*Harry J. Mooney Jr.
 Denver*

From time immemorial we have recognized yellow fever, malaria, syphilis, leprosy, perversion, degeneracy, garbage and homosexuality in about that order.

There need be no change.

*Russell K. Havighorst
 Colonel, U.S.A. (ret.)
 South Miami, Fla.*

Perhaps the harsh reality of our true worth will strike home only when you discover that we are your sons or daughters or dearest friends.

Yes, we are worthy of your love. You've given it to us all along, not realizing who we are.

*Rick Clark
 Costa Mesa, Calif.*

If we are really to accept this latest linguistic atrocity "gay," as referring to a homosexual or homosexuality, then what is the proper term for us heterosexuals? Morose?

*Edwin R. Kammin
 Toronto*

Being gay, I have to laugh at parents, mine included, who are against having their children taught by homosexuals.

My parents sent me to a Catholic boys' high school—a good college prep school, very strict, excellent teachers. When I turned the legal drinking age right after I graduated from high school, I began going to the gay bars.

What a great feeling to find that many of my old teachers, whom I respected a great deal, were also at the gay bars.

*Robert W. Kelleher
 Chicago*

Studies of animal behavior show that among their reactions to overcrowding are sexual aberrations and destruction of the young. It seems worth considering that the present-day homosexuality and abortion explosions are reactions of the human animal to worldwide overpopulation.

*Miriam A. Cabarga
 Boynton Beach, Fla.*

My husband has to carry a number of keys because of his work. Because of worn-out pockets, sore legs from keys digging into them and unsightly bulges, he decided to carry his keys on a hook on his belt. Now we find out this is a homosexual signal. Needless to say, he will go back to worn-out pockets, sore legs and unsightly bulges.

*Mrs. Gordon Burke
 San Jose, Calif.*

Quadraphonic Quake

The next San Francisco earthquake [Sept. 11] will inevitably be glorious: a Bill Graham production featuring surprise friends and relations and perhaps even Cher Bono Allman, a Columbia soundtrack, a Dick Clark *Wide World* special with simultaneous quadraphonic FM coverage sponsored by the folks

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SEPT. 23



**The Ascent
of Man**

Bronowski's look at man's cultural evolution. Co-funded by Mobil and The Arthur Vining Davis Foundations. **PBS-TV, Tuesdays 9:00PM.**

SEPT. 25



**Classic
Theatre**
The Humanities in Drama

13 great plays ranging from Shakespeare to Shaw. Co-funded by Mobil and National Endowment for the Humanities. **PBS-TV, Thursdays 9:00PM.**

OCT. 5



**SHOULDER
TOSHOULDER**

Explores the turn-of-the-century battle by British women for the right to vote. Premiere of Masterpiece Theatre season. **PBS-TV, Sundays 9:00PM.**

NOV. 16



**Notorious
Woman**

The life of author George Sand, the woman who wore tuxedos and smoked cigars in the 1800's. Masterpiece Theatre. **PBS-TV, Sundays 9:00PM.**

JAN. 4



A new 13 weeks of Edwardian drama in this Emmy-award-winning Masterpiece Theatre series. **PBS-TV, Sundays 9:00PM.**

JAN. 22



**THE WAY
IT WAS**

Happy days are here again! The best sports classics in a weekly 13-part series hosted by Curt Gowdy. **PBS-TV.**

JAN.



**Piccadilly
Circus**

A special one-hour treat from London, once a month. The best of a wide variety of sparkling British TV entertainment. **PBS-TV.**

MAR. 10



**Decades of
Decision**
The American Revolution

Tales of the Revolutionary period. Co-funded by Mobil and The National Geographic Society. **PBS-TV, Wednesdays 9:00PM.**

MAR. 18



A special two-hour repeat of Eugene O'Neill's classic, starring Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst. **PBS-TV, 9:00PM.**

APR. 4



**Cakes
& Ale**

Somerset Maugham's moving story about a beautiful, vivacious barmaid. Masterpiece Theatre. **PBS-TV, Sundays 9:00PM.**

APR. 25



**Sunset
Song**

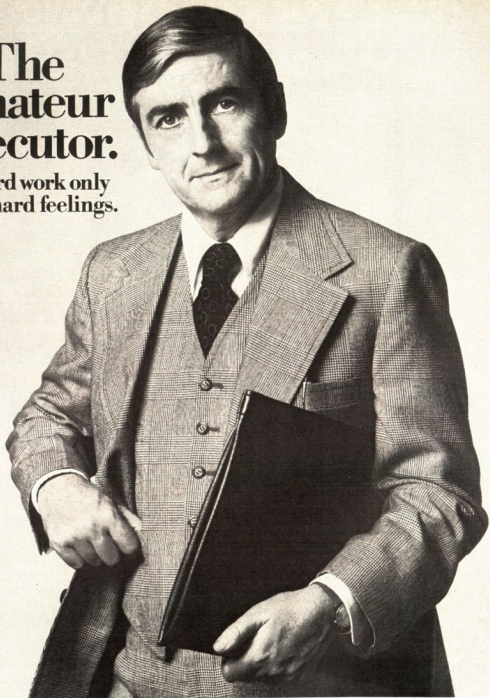
Six evocative episodes about rural Scottish life. Masterpiece Theatre. **PBS-TV, Sundays 9:00PM.**

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It wasn't all wasted, though. George's

experience—or lack of it—caused him to re-think his own will. And to revise it, naming The Northern Trust as executor.

His lawyer recommended us because of our objectivity, experience, administrative abilities, investment skills, and tax expertise.

But George was most impressed with

our reputation for sensitivity in dealing with a family's needs when tact and good judgment are needed most.

Ask your lawyer about us. And for our free booklet "Choosing Your Executor," contact Ray E. Marchman, Jr., Vice President, The Northern Trust Company, 50 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 60690. (312) 630-6000.

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*Chena Harper
San Francisco*

Your article on earthquakes is just wonderful. We are less than half a mile from the San Andreas Fault, on a hill overlooking the blue Pacific Ocean. Why is your article wonderful? Because the presence of earthquakes is one of the factors that encourage a lot of people not to move to California.

How about a scary article on sharks along all the California beaches?

*James M. McCraney
Pacific, Calif.*

Parents, Beware

This fall's school openings [Sept. 15] provide further evidence that too many parents have abandoned their responsibilities in the affairs of education to the school professionals. The professionals have somewhat mindlessly followed their leaders. Threats of "we will strike" commit us to further strait-jacketing the school systems with more specialization. "Professionalism" is the cry.

Parents, if you don't actively move your public schools from a labor market debate into an organized parent action for educational reform to ensure a better education for every child, you may soon see the end of public education.

*Harvey B. Scribner
Amherst, Mass.*

Dr. Scribner, co-author of the new book Make Your Schools Work, was school chancellor of New York City, 1970-73.

Castro Caveat

The decision of the U.S. Government to allow foreign subsidiaries of American corporations to trade with Cuba [Sept. 1] constitutes another maneuver within the so-called policy of detente, which so far has meant nothing more than forsaking territories the Soviet Union covets in return for little but Soviet "good will." In this sense, American concessions resemble the classic "protection" payment made by shopkeepers in exchange for nothing but an uneasy respite until the threatening payee chose to renew his demands.

The step-by-step method of lifting sanctions on Cuba is a clever strategy designed to overcome the opposition of American firms with investments in pre-Castro Cuba who have demanded that compensation for the confiscation of property by the Castro dictatorship be made a prerequisite for the re-establishment of relations with it.

What about principles and morality? In matters of detente, they do not even seem to enter into the discussion. No matter the assurances made to defenseless nations, no matter the blood



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I want my Avis.

Just to search for oil, Texaco spent over \$500,000,000 last year for a hunting license.

In 1974, Texaco leased 120,000 acres of land from the Government for over one-half billion dollars. Hopefully, one day we'll find enough oil and gas to help make us less dependent on sources abroad.

Although America accounts for only 6% of the world's population, we consume about one-third of the total energy demand. Even with conservation programs, it's still estimated our country's energy needs could double by the year 2000.

There is a great potential for finding new supplies of oil and gas under our oceans.

So last year, we paid the U.S. Government over \$500,000,000 for leases on over 120,000 offshore acres. That's over \$4,100 an acre for property that's under water. And there's no guarantee we'll ever find a single barrel of oil.

But if we do find a potential oil or gas supply, we then have to spend additional millions for expensive offshore drilling and production platforms and pipelines.

Last year alone, we drilled over 100 offshore wells. This year, we hope we'll be able to finance the drilling of even more. The best way we can see to supply you with the petroleum energy you need is through a free enterprise system that will enable us to generate the necessary capital.



We're working to keep your trust.

FORUM

of those who yesterday fought in Viet Nam. But then, Secretary of State Kissinger was never professor of ethics at any university.

*Carlos Prio Socarrás
Miami*

The writer was the last constitutionally elected President of Cuba (1948-52).

The View from Kankakee

Why should we have any more concern for New Yorkers [Sept. 8] than they have for us? Chances are the grain growing around Kankakee puts food on New Yorkers' tables, and the pet food or the Sears appliances they buy were made here. Let New Yorkers be concerned about our weather at harvest time or the labor situations at our factories, and I'll gladly be concerned about their city's economic condition.

*Frank Absher
Program Director, WBYG-FM
Kankakee, Ill.*

If Professor Andrew Hacker thinks New York City has budget problems, he should come out to Kankakee and other cities in the Midwest. By tightening its belt Kankakee will have a budget within its means for the next year.

Since Kankakee is solvent, there will be at least some Kankakeeans who will be worry-free enough about their local taxes to consider buying New York City's bonds. Besides, Kankakee has more interest in New York City's welfare than some might think. Some of the greatest blue-chip corporations in the country have established plants and divisions here. And after all, New York City is the marketplace for their stocks.

Kankakee can't bail New Yorkers out of their financial dilemma, but it doesn't hurt us to wish them all well.

*Tom J. Ryan Jr., Mayor
Kankakee, Ill.*

To Bus or Not

I have ceased to regard busing [Sept. 15] in this country as a racial issue.

A middle-class American parent may have spent 15 or more years to jockey himself into a position to provide a particular home and home territory for himself and for his children. Why try, if the Government can arbitrarily cancel it out?

*Joyce N. Lewis
Albuquerque*

C'mon, Louisville!

Isn't it about time that we of the present generation drop the inbred ignorance of our parents and take this opportunity to better the world?

*Frank J. Nolin
Fairfax, Va.*

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The "steering committee" at the car rental counter voted 7 to 0 in favor of Tilt-Wheel.

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And a way to help make customers regular customers is to offer them something extra in the cars they rent: the convenience of Tilt Wheel or Tilt & Telescope Steering.

Tilt Wheel moves up out of the way to make getting in and out easier. And then you can adjust the steering wheel to your most comfortable position, even while you drive.

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The more you offer your customers, the more you'll get back in return.



Saginaw Steering
Gear Division of
General Motors
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**The
equalizer.**



PATTY HEARST ON WAY TO COURT APPEARANCE; WITH EMILY HARRIS OUTSIDE FEDERAL BUILDING IN SAN FRANCISCO

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE Sept. 29, 1975 Vol. 106, No. 13
TIME

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Quiet Resettlement

When tens of thousands of refugees from Southeast Asia poured into hastily prepared camps in the U.S. last spring, many Americans were deeply troubled. Would the refugees aggravate the bloated unemployment rate? Did they carry exotic diseases? How could they possibly fit in? Last week the 100,000th Indochinese refugee was quietly relocated—and the nation hardly noticed. Officially, at least, he was Pham Phu Quoc, 38, a former South Vietnamese army officer who was settled near Racine, Wis., last week with his wife and their eight children.

The resettlement headaches are still far from over. About 33,000 refugees remain in camps on the U.S. mainland. Some, along with 1,500 on Guam, insist on being returned to their homeland. Others are reluctant to be relocated in areas that do not have a Viet Nam-like climate. All the same, the Government's interagency task force on Indochina refugees pledges that all will be in their new homes by Dec. 31, and that meanwhile none will suffer from the fast approaching cold weather. At Indiantown Gap, Pa., one of the three remaining camps in the U.S., the Army is installing heating systems in the barracks and other buildings and is gathering winter clothing. There is also an educational program under way—to explain the phenomenon of winter to people who have never experienced it.

The High Court Stalls

When the U.S. Supreme Court wound up its annual session last spring, it held over eleven cases—an unusually large number—for reconsideration this fall. Next week the Justices will return to start the work of the fall term. Despite their custom of taking up old business first, they plan to hear oral arguments on only two of the eleven cases in October. Reason: votes on the other nine cases promise to be extremely close, and the health of Associate Justice William Douglas, who suffered a stroke last New Year's Eve, is still an open question. Says one expert on the court: "How would you feel if you lost a case 5 to 4 under those conditions?" Quite simply. Douglas' eight colleagues are effectively stripping him of any critical judicial responsibility until they can see for themselves if he is up to the task.

In his last official appearance, hearing a stay-order request in Yakima, Wash., Douglas's performance was rather disquieting: he sat silently nudging papers and staring at his hands for nearly ten minutes before rendering his decision. The Justices' wait-and-see strategy cannot go on indefinitely. Some of the leftover cases deal with questions of great importance including the testing of a new mandatory death-penalty scheme, and the applicability of federal wage-and-hour laws to local government employees. There is no constitutional provision for unseating a Supreme Court Justice for reasons of health, and Douglas, realizing that President Ford

could well replace him with a conservative, is unlikely to step down on his own. But before too long some responsible voices may be calling for his resignation.

He-e-e-re's Nelson!

Mary Louise Smith, chairman of the Republican National Committee, is a woman with a cause. Only 22% of the electorate now considers itself Republican, and Mrs. Smith has decided that her party's image badly needs some sprucing up. Last summer, she got the R.N.C. to sponsor two TV shows on the theme "Republicans are people too," and now she is trying to persuade the nation that Republicans are funny. Come January, if all goes well, a 196-page book, *Republican Humor*, will roll off the presses, chock-full of the favorite thigh-thumpers of G.O.P. politicians.

A few offerings have already come in from the Republican hierarchy. From Nelson Rockefeller: "The best part about being Vice President is presiding over the Senate. Where else could I have Barry Goldwater addressing me as 'Mr. President'?" "A Barry Goldwater offering: "The other day I phoned the White House, got the Oval Office on the President's private line, told one of my best jokes and the only one who laughed was Jack Anderson." Every Republican member of Congress will be asked to contribute to the joke book, but one R.N.C. staffer allows that "probably some of them won't have anything funny to offer." *Mirabile dictu.*



GUARDED BY A POLICEWOMAN AFTER THEIR ARRAIGNMENT ON MULTIPLE CHARGES, HARRIS & HEARST RAISE FISTS DEFIANTLY

BOB CLAY/FLEISCH

RADICALS/COVER STORY

PATTY'S TWISTED JOURNEY

The evidence was fragmentary and scattered and painfully hard to gather, but slowly it accumulated—a red Volkswagen camper, a fingerprint discovered at a farmhouse in Pennsylvania, a post office box in San Francisco. Suddenly last week the bits fitted into a pattern. When they did, an FBI agent and a policeman climbed stealthily up the back stairs to the top-floor apartment of the modest house on the edge of San Francisco. They knocked, and the door swung open. Standing in the room was the thin, pale young woman. "Don't shoot," said Patty Hearst. "I'll go with you."

That quiet drama ended a 19½-month chase—one of the longest and most intensive in U.S. history—and climaxed a bizarre odyssey that had a special and disturbing fascination for Americans. They had been appalled by the violence of the whole affair: the strong-arm kidnaping near a college campus, then the bank robbery in which

Patty herself wielded a gun, then the surrealistic, nationally televised shootout that left six of her companions dead. With some apprehension, parents debated just why Patty, the heiress to a celebrated fortune, had become a self-proclaimed revolutionary. Many people claimed to have spotted her in various parts of the world, yet she managed to elude the great chase—until last Thursday.

Captured along with Patty was her close companion, Wendy Yoshimura, 32. An hour earlier, outside an old white two-story house three miles away, the FBI had arrested two of Patty's other friends: robust William Harris, 30, and his wan and tired wife, Emily, 28. All four were comrades-in-arms in the explosive and tiny cult of revolutionaries who grandiosely called themselves the Symbionese Liberation Army. With the arrests, said the FBI, the S.L.A. had ceased to exist. All dozen members of the group, which had first shown will-

ingness to kill in the ambush-slaying of Oakland School Superintendent Marcus Foster in 1973, were either jailed or dead.

Some of the mysteries of the Patty Hearst case began to lift when the four were arraigned two hours later in a crowded San Francisco federal court. The first to be handled was Wendy Yoshimura, a Japanese-American artist who disappeared in 1972 after being charged with taking part in a plan to bomb the naval-architecture building on the Berkeley campus of the University of California. Federal authorities believe that she and Patty Hearst have been together since at least the summer of 1974. Magistrate Owen Woodruff dismissed federal fugitive charges against Yoshimura, and remanded her to the custody of Alameda County authorities to face arraignment for her part in the Berkeley incident. As she was taken from the courtroom, she paused at the defense table and touched the

THE NATION

outstretched hand of Patty Hearst.

Then it was Patty's turn. Newsmen and spectators in the crowded chamber strained to get a good look at the defendant in Case No. 74-364: *The United States of America v. Patricia Campbell Hearst*. Sitting near her at the witness table was her cousin, William Randolph Hearst III, 26, the first member of her family she saw after her capture. They had been close friends, and he seemed on the verge of tears. They avoided each other's eyes.

Patty had changed during her hegira. Not only had her long dark-blond hair been cut shorter and dyed red but she had lost her healthy, cover-girl looks. Her face was noticeably drawn. But she did not look or act like a victim who had been forced by her abductors to rob a bank and denounce her grieving parents and her fiancé as "pigs" and "clowns." She was as casual as if she had dropped by to answer a traffic summons. She was wearing stained rubber clogs and dark brown cotton pants, and beneath her striped, long-sleeved jersey she was braless. Throughout the proceedings, she nonchalantly smiled and chewed gum.

Standing before Woodruff, Patty lowered her voice to almost a whisper as she gave her age—21—and acknowledged her name, not mentioning the revolutionary name of Tania that she had adopted while on the run. She was then arraigned on charges of armed bank robbery and violation of the Federal Fire-

arms Act. Armed bank robbery carries a maximum 25-year sentence and is only one of 22 federal and state charges that she faces; they could jail her for life. Her bail was set at \$1.5 million. At one point Patty Hearst stood erect, tightly clenched her small right fist and flourished it aloft remorselessly in the salute of the social revolutionary.

Next, Patty's friends Bill and Emily Harris went before Woodruff. As Harris entered the courtroom, he scanned the expectant audience and cried out, "What do you say, comrades? Keep on trucking!" Then he lifted his left hand in a clenched-fist salute. The Harrises were arraigned on charges of illegal possession of arms; bail was set at \$550,000 for each. As he was led from the courtroom by two U.S. marshals, Harris raised his right arm, his fist a hard ball, and announced loudly, "This ain't no big deal, comrades. Long live the guerrillas!"

The Harrises and Patty Hearst were sent to the San Mateo jail, 30 miles to the south. As they were being driven away, Emily Harris raised her own clenched fist to newsmen, and Patty grinned broadly.

At the San Mateo jail, Patty listed her occupation as "urban guerrilla." Her lawyer, Terence Hallinan, told newsmen that she had asked him to relay a message to the public: "Tell everybody that I'm smiling, that I feel free and strong and I send my greetings and love

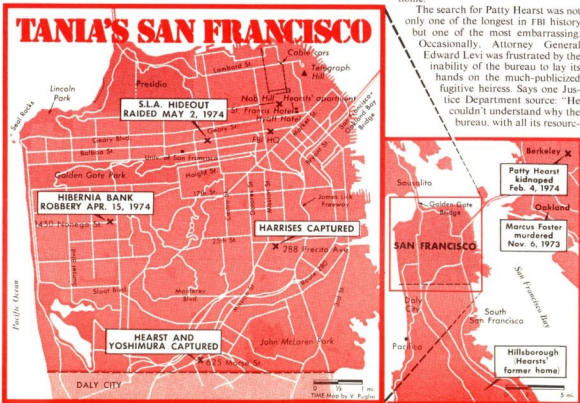
to all the sisters and brothers out there."

At the jail where she was quartered alone in a 7-ft. by 9-ft. cell containing a double-bunk bed, Patty Hearst was equally truculent. One temporary jail-mate who had a brief chance to talk to the new prisoner was Evelyn Broussard. After being released, Broussard said she had told Patty, "It's been a long time since we've seen you." Her answer, according to Broussard: "I wish it had been longer." Broussard asked Patty how she had been caught, and said that she had answered: "I wish to hell I knew."

Although Patty did not ask to see her parents, she agreed to their request for a meeting. They were already hurrying to San Francisco, her father from New York City (where he had been on business for the Hearst Corp., the publishing company of which he is chairman), and her mother from Los Angeles (where she had been attending a meeting of the regents of the University of California).

Taking along a bunch of yellow roses, which the San Francisco FBI had given them for Patty in a rather odd, gentlemanly gesture, the parents arrived at the San Mateo jail shortly after midnight and talked with her for about half an hour. There were reports later that the meeting had gone coolly, but the parents insisted that they were delighted by the reception they had received. "We all smiled and laughed and hugged each other," said Mrs. Hearst. "Patty is happy to come home and would like to come home with us. She really wants to come home."

The search for Patty Hearst was not only one of the longest in FBI history but one of the most embarrassing. Occasionally, Attorney General Edward Levi was frustrated by the inability of the bureau to lay its hands on the much-publicized fugitive heiress. Says one Justice Department source: "He couldn't understand why the bureau, with all its resource-



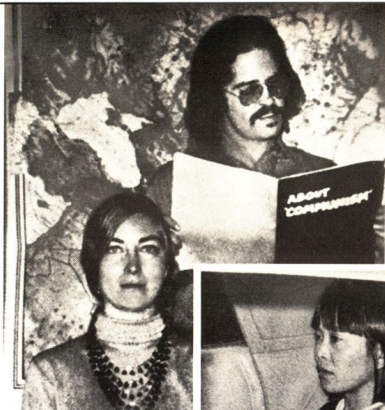
es, couldn't even get close to her."

As many as 300 FBI agents worked on the case at one time. In San Francisco, a special unit of agents did nothing but run down leads. Several times, the FBI got to Patty's hideouts shortly after she had left. The bureau's traditional methods did not work quickly for two good reasons. First, most fugitives sooner or later make personal contact with family members or friends, who are quietly watched by the FBI. Patty, however, remained aloof. Second, the bureau was unable to infiltrate the S.L.A.; the radical group was too small and tightly knit. Thus for months at a time, the FBI had no idea where its elusive quarry was.

The FBI was flooded with tips and followed up on almost all of them. Patty was reportedly "sighted" in Hong Kong, Cuba, Mexico City, Algeria, on a Los Angeles freeway, in the hills of Tennessee and in a Colorado café. Sometimes the FBI and other officials reacted overzealously. FBI agents barged into a young woman's apartment in Arlington, Va., prompting the tenant, Elizabeth Norton, to sue for invasion of privacy. About 50 Los Angeles police staged a predawn raid on a Hollywood home, awakening two sleepy women in pajamas who vaguely resembled Patty and Emily Harris. A young woman seemingly meditating in a subway station in New York's Times Square resisted efforts of New York police to check her identity against that of Patty; she was arrested for disorderly conduct. Scores of "hippy-looking" American women were stopped along the Mexican border, and even in Central American tourist spots like Honduras, because of real or imagined resemblances to Miss Hearst.

Then the FBI began to get some breaks. TIME has learned that one key factor leading to the capture was that Patty and her companions—the Harrises and Yoshimura—were abandoned during the summer of 1974 by other radical underground groups. In particular, they were shunned by the Weatherman, the most violent revolutionary organization of the late '60s and early '70s, because of an incident that occurred in Manhattan. At the time, the S.L.A. fugitives were using a West 92nd Street apartment that had been a Weatherman hideout. Pursuing Patty, FBI agents not only discovered the sanctuary but very nearly got their hands on Kathy Boudin, 32. She was a leader of a group that had been making bombs in a Greenwich Village town house, but fled after the bombs accidentally exploded. The near-capture of Boudin was "too close a call for the Weatherpeople," says a federal investigator. "To them, Patty was nothing but a source of heat. They considered her more of a goofy heiress than a true revolutionary. The word went out to keep away from her."

Deprived of such shelter, Patty and the Harrises next occupied an isolated farmhouse in Pennsylvania's Pocono



EMILY & WILLIAM HARRIS (1973)

Mountains, near the hamlet of South Canaan. They did so, the FBI believes, with the aid of Jack Scott, former athletics director at Ohio's Oberlin College, who with his wife Micki has refused to answer FBI questions or appear before a federal grand jury investigating the movements of Patty and the Harrises.

Keeping a step ahead of authorities, the group left the farmhouse. By the time authorities found the place, only the fingerprints of Wendy Yoshimura remained, but these positively linked her with the other fugitives. Born in a World War II detention camp for Japanese Americans near Fresno, Calif., Yoshimura was a familiar figure in the Berkeley street scene and radical movements, including Venceremos. She had become a fugitive as early as 1972, when explosives for use in the abortive Berkeley bombing plot were found in her garage. Yoshimura and three men were indicted by a California grand jury in the conspiracy.

The crucial clue in the Hearst case, TIME has learned, turned out to be the red Volkswagen. It had been spotted at a farm in South Canaan that the fugitives had used as a hideout. A former owner of the car told authorities he had sold it to one Kathleen Soliah, who had given her address as a post office box number in San Francisco. Checking further, the FBI learned that Soliah had been friendly with S.L.A. members and other radicals, known as the "Tom Thumb" group, suspected of robbing a bank near Sacramento last April 21. A young woman led the masked bandits



WENDY YOSHIMURA LEAVING COURTHOUSE
A telltale fingerprint.

who looted the bank of \$15,000 and killed a housewife with a shotgun blast in the process. Authorities speculated at the time that Patty's band of S.L.A. fugitives might have had a hand in the bank raid.

Accordingly, early last week the FBI set up a surveillance on Kathleen Soliah's postal box in San Francisco and discovered that mail was being picked up by messengers and taken to two addresses: 288 Precita Avenue and 625 Morse Street.

Charles Bates, head of the FBI's San Francisco office and the man directing the overall search for Patty (see box page 16), ordered a watch to be kept on both dwellings. On Precita Avenue, four agents sat in a light green Ford LTD parked at the curb, and three more waited in a yellow and white camper just down the block. The agents wore san-

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dals, beads and beads, hoping to blend in with the inhabitants of the area. Still, neighbors spotted the stakeout and watched with considerable interest to find out who was being trailed. No one appears to have suspected the athletic and pleasant young couple who had just moved into an apartment in the neo-Victorian structure at 288 Precita.

At 1:15 p.m. last Thursday—a clear, cool day that was perfect for running—the couple from No. 288 came down

the stairs and went loping off to nearby Bernal Park. The agents thought they knew who the two were from sightings the day before, but they still were not sure. "Our pictures of them were almost two years old," says an agent. But when the pair came jogging back home, there was no longer any doubt. The four agents leaped out of the LTD, and the other three came sprinting from the nearby camper. They were armed with pistols, a sawed-off shotgun and subma-

chine guns. One watching neighbor later recalled, "They [the agents] seemed very nervous and shaky." The woman tried to get away, only to be caught within 20 ft. But the man calmly put up his hands, says another witness, "like a little kid who had been caught doing something wrong." His attitude seemed to be, she adds, "Well, I'm caught." Swiftly, the FBI agents handcuffed William and Emily Harris.

Then, as city police cars closed off

A FAMILY'S ORDEAL

For 591 days, one of the nation's most storied families had oscillated between frustration and faith, resignation and hope. It was the kind of roller-coaster existence all relatives of kidnap victims must endure, but for the Randolph Hearsts, somehow, everything about the ordeal seemed more extreme.

First came the initial shock and the sleepless nights. Randolph Hearst, by nature not given to quick and decisive action, managed to keep calm while awaiting, then struggling to comply with, the demands of the S.L.A. Catherine, his wife, genteel daughter of a Georgia telephone executive, was dumfounded by the violence and noticeably more anxious. A devout Roman Catholic, she spent many hours in prayer.



THE HEARSTS & NEPHEW WILLIAM (LEFT) BEFORE SEEING PATTY

In their helplessness, the parents began to clutch at straws: two psychics were invited to the Hearsts' house in suburban Hillsborough and ran their fingers over a map of Northern California seeking "impulses" of Patty's whereabouts. Searching for a way to reach his daughter, Randolph Hearst paid a call on "Death Row Jeff," an inmate at Vacaville State Prison on who was acquainted with the S.L.A.'s Donald DeFreeze. Three months after the kidnapping, Hearst offered \$50,000 for information leading to Patty's return.

Perhaps the family's darkest hours descended when six S.L.A. members perished in the Los Angeles shootout, and it took agonizing time for all the charred bodies to be identified and to be sure that Patty's was not among them. When it was clear that Patty was alive, the San Francisco *Examiner*—of which Randolph Hearst was the editor and publisher—ran a Page One editorial calling for her surrender. Because of the shootout, the Hearsts were afraid that Patty might be harmed if she was captured by authorities. Mrs. Hearst entered a hos-

pital suffering from a broken wrist and nervous exhaustion.

As the months without word wore on, the Hearsts spent less time at home. They preferred to escape to Winton, the Northern California retreat that belonged to William Randolph Hearst, the press baron who was Randolph's father. Not since early June of 1974, when Patty proclaimed in a tape that she would rather die than be surrounded by "pigs like the Hearsts," had there been any message from her.

Last October, the Hearsts met in Los Angeles with Mickey Cohen, a retired mobster who supposedly had ways of finding Patty. Nothing came of the encounter. Soon after, Hearst withdrew his \$50,000 offer, fearing that overzealous bounty hunters might do something that "could endanger the safety and well-being of our daughter."

Early in December, Millicent Hearst, Randolph's mother, died at the age of 92. She had never been told of her granddaughter's disappearance. Catherine Hearst went on radio and TV to implore her daughter to come home for Christmas. "It breaks my heart," she read in a quavering voice, "that you cannot see that you will have no real problems if you will only come in of your own accord."

Mrs. Hearst continued her prayers, but sank into a deeper depression. Both she and her husband questioned whether Patty would ever resume her normal place in the family. William (Willie) Randolph Hearst III, Patty's cousin and Randolph Hearst's protégé on the *Examiner*, recalled last week: "After a certain point, I think they were resigned to the fact that she wasn't going to turn herself in." To get away from "painful memories," the Hearsts moved into an apartment on San Francisco's Nob Hill; it was Feb. 20—Patty's 21st birthday. On Sept. 1, Randolph Hearst stepped down as editor and publisher of the *Examiner*; he remains the paper's president and chairman of the Hearst Corp., which controls eight newspapers as well as *Cosmopolitan*, *Popular Mechanics*, *Good Housekeeping* and many other publishing properties.

Then suddenly Patty was found. Randolph Hearst was as surprised as anyone; he had not been in touch with the FBI for months. Rushing back home from New York City, he was met at the airport by his wife and two of their five daughters: Anne, 20, a college student who was just finishing up her probation after pleading guilty last spring to a charge of possessing amphetamines; and Victoria, 18, a freshman in college. (The Hearsts have two other daughters: Catherine, 35, is retarded and lives in Los Angeles; Virginia, 26, lives in London with her husband, an American journalist.)

The Hearsts went to see Patty at the San Mateo County jail. Mrs. Hearst entered the cell first, embracing her daughter. Randolph Hearst kissed Patty on the forehead. No one spoke of Patty's life underground. "We were on thin ice," said Vicki later. "We didn't want to make her defensive, so we kept changing the subject if things were getting tense."

Putting on her usual fixed smile and brave front in public, Catherine said she was confident that all the aberrations that might have crept into Patty's personality over the months would soon be exorcised. The fact remained, however, that her daughter faced an arm's-length list of serious charges. "I'm very apprehensive," said Willie Hearst—and Randolph Hearst seemed as reserved as he was relieved.

We built this Omega Brougham for Julie Severs, who thought no compact could be comfortable enough for her twice-daily, 45-minute commute.



Julie drives to work, and she likes to be comfortable while she does. She also likes to conserve gas. Now she has a car that lets her do both.

We built Omega Brougham to be the most luxurious compact ever. We gave it deluxe trim on the seats and the doors. And luxury touches you wouldn't expect—like a deluxe steering wheel and a stand-up hood ornament. They're little things that help make it a good feeling to have an Olds around you.

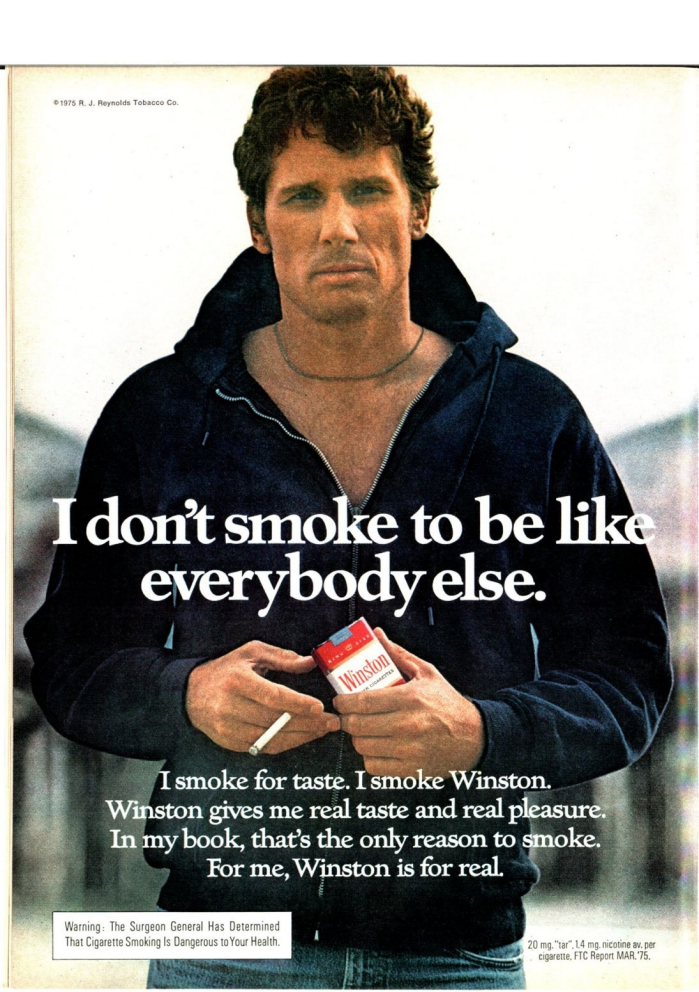
(As for its gas mileage, your Olds dealer has EPA test results for all engines and transmissions available.)

A good-looking compact she can have with a smart Landau roof, luxury touches, and Olds dependability—now that's Julie's idea of a compact built just for her.



1976 OMEGA BROUGHAM
Oldsmobile

Can we build one for you?

A man with dark, curly hair and a serious expression is wearing a dark blue zip-up hoodie. He is holding a pack of Winston cigarettes in his left hand and a lit cigarette in his right hand. The background is a blurred outdoor scene.

I don't smoke to be like everybody else.

I smoke for taste. I smoke Winston.
Winston gives me real taste and real pleasure.
In my book, that's the only reason to smoke.
For me, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per
cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

THE NATION

both ends of the block, some agents hurried into the apartment; while others, guns drawn, burst into a few of the neighboring houses to look unsuccessfully for Patty Hearst. In the Harrises' apartment, the FBI found 40 pounds of black explosive powder, three .30-cal., fully automatic carbines, two shotguns, two pistols and a substantial amount of ammunition.

With the Harrises in hand, the FBI quickly shifted its attention to 625 Morse Street, a concrete house with redwood facing. About two weeks ago, a young sandy-haired man had rented the small upstairs apartment, paying the \$180-per-month rent with a check signed "Charlie Adams." Later, another man—shorter and darker—briefly helped "Adams" move in along with a woman wearing slacks and a big floppy hat that completely obscured her face. Like the Harrises, "Adams" and the woman made a good first impression on their neighbors. Later, the couple were joined by a girl who was slither and taller than the first. "Adams" generally left the apartment at about 10:30 in the morning, driving away in a station wagon and returning in the early afternoon. But the two women were rarely seen around the neighborhood.

An hour and ten minutes after the Harrises were arrested, FBI Special Agent Tom Padden and San Francisco Police Inspector Tim Casey climbed the stairs to the apartment, still not knowing what they would find. They pounded on the door. It opened, and Wendy Yoshimura looked out. Behind her was the taller woman—Patty Hearst. Padden warned Yoshimura: "Don't move or I'll blast your head off." Neither woman stirred, although each had a .38-cal. pistol in her purse.

Searching the sparsely furnished flat, law officers found a cat, some dirty clothes and dishes, and four more pistols, two sawed-off shotguns (both loaded), a store of ammunition and a two-foot high marijuana plant.

Later, authorities established that "Adams" was Stephen F. Soliah, 27, the brother of Kathleen. A sometime house painter, Soliah was arrested at the apartment and charged with harboring fugitives from the law. The FBI was also trying to locate Kathleen Soliah, who had been living in the Morse Street apartment, and another sister, Josephine, who was thought to have been involved with the group.

Meanwhile, Patty Hearst's mother flew up from Los Angeles. A front-row seat was held for Catherine Hearst on Pacific Southwest Airlines' 4 p.m. commuter flight to San Francisco. She was a model of tightly controlled composure. Her black, high-necked cocktail dress was smooth and unwrinkled; the triple-strand choker of pearls was precisely in place, and her black alligator bag was set neatly on her lap.

When newsmen swarmed around her, a stewardess offered to break up the

impromptu press conference, but Mrs. Hearst declined the favor. Referring to the family's publishing firm, she said with a smile, "We're in the business of harassing people for a living too." Her first reaction on hearing the news about her daughter: "I sat down in a chair and said a silent prayer of thanks. I'm just thankful to God that she's alive." Despite the harsh words Patty had uttered in the past, Mrs. Hearst expected that the reunion would go well. "I don't believe she has given up 19 years of our lives together so completely," she said. "If she went one way, she can go the other way. When you all love each other, everything can be worked out."

Understandably, Mrs. Hearst was remembering the daughter she knew before the trouble began. Until Patty Hearst made her first truculent declaration of revolutionary fervor, read in a flat unemotional voice on seven tapes delivered to Berkeley radio station KPFA, she had shown few signs of anger at the System. Before her disappearance, she was taking part in the most traditional of rites for an engaged American girl: happily picking out her china pattern. Then, on the night of Feb. 4, 1974, Patty's life changed forever.

Screaming, wearing only a blue bathrobe, Patty was dragged from her apartment by three members of the S.L.A., who kicked and struck her fiancé Steven Weed with a bottle before stuffing Patty in a car trunk and speeding off. Trying to meet the S.L.A.'s demands for ransom, the Hearsts gave away \$2 million worth of food to the poor in the San Francisco Bay Area. As the food was tossed off trucks in neighborhoods of needy people in San Francisco and Oakland, mobs fought angrily for the supplies, then broke bitterly into small-scale rioting when the gifts ran out.

The astonishing news came nine weeks later on a tape. Calmly and coldly, Patty declared that she had joined the S.L.A. "I have chosen to stay and fight." She called her father "a liar" for claim-

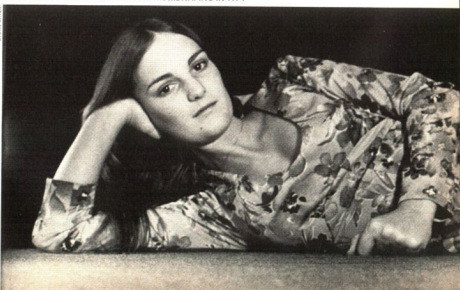


PATTY AS HIGH SCHOOL CHEERLEADER
Healthy, cover-girl looks.

ing to be concerned about her welfare and that of "oppressed people." She insisted that she had not been "brainwashed, drugged, tortured, hypnotized or in any way confused" by her abductors. Included with the tape was a snapshot of Patty holding an automatic rifle in front of an S.L.A. cobra poster—a photo that was to become famous.

The Hearsts received another jolt two weeks later. Striding showily into a Hibernia Bank branch in San Francisco's Sunset district, a black man and four white women wielding semiautomatic carbines announced, "We're from the S.L.A." "This," shouted one of them, "is Tania Hearst!" Unmistakably, the

IN A RELAXED MOOD SHORTLY BEFORE THE KIDNAPING IN 1974



DEAN KATZ

THE NATION

bank's automatic cameras filmed Patty Hearst brandishing a rifle at center stage in the bank lobby. Needless opening fire as they left the bank, the robbers fled with \$10,960. Declared Patty's distraught father: "It's terrible! Sixty days ago, she was a lovely child. Now there's a picture of her in a bank with a gun in her hand."

When the Harrises were detected shoplifting (stealing a 49¢ pair of socks) at a suburban Los Angeles sporting-goods store, Patty, watching from a parked car, sprayed the storefront with rifle bullets to cover their flight.

On May 17, 1974, an army of 410 agents and heavily armed policemen cornered half a dozen members of the S.L.A. in a small rose-colored house in the south central section of Los Angeles. They pumped more than 5,000 rounds of ammunition into the house, and the fierce gun battle was watched live and in color on television by millions of Americans. The viewers included the Hearsts, who feared that their daughter was in the building as it caught fire and burned to the ground. There were six charred bodies in the smoldering debris, including that of Donald D. DeFreeze, 30, an escaped black convict who called himself Cinque (pronounced Sin-Q) and was the main muscle behind the S.L.A. But Patty, with the Harrises, had managed to escape the shootout—and the nationwide hunt was on again.

Since then, Patty has been traveling off and on with the Harrises. They are an unusual couple. Before their advocacy of revolutionary violence, they had been raised in Midwestern, middle-class, authority-respecting families. Bill, son of a building-supplies salesman, grew up in Carmel, Ind., and, said his mother, "would never have thought of arguing with his dad." But his wartime service as a combat Marine in Viet Nam turned him toward radicalism. On leaving the service, he supported the Viet Nam Veterans Against the War and associated with Venceremos (We shall conquer), a Maoist revolutionary group. He met Emily in 1970 as he pursued a master's degree in urban education at Indiana University (he was an A-minus student). They were married in 1971 and moved to California.

Equally conventional at first, Emily was from Clarendon Hills, a Chicago suburb. Her father is a consulting engineer, village board member and Boy Scouts backer. At Indiana University, she was a fashionably dressed member of Chi Omega sorority, one of the most exclusive campus societies; she later taught in Bloomington schools. When she and Bill moved to Berkeley, both became involved in prison reform and drifted into radical activities. By January 1974, she had told her parents that "Bill and I have changed our relationship. It no longer confines us, and I am enjoying relationships with other men." She had fallen in love, she wrote, "with a

beautiful black man who has conveyed to me the torture of being black in this country." Authorities believe she had referred to DeFreeze.

Patty also experienced a change of heart. On June 7, 1974, station KPTK received a tape recording of Patty's voice, eulogizing one of the shootout victims, William Wolfe. Said Patty: "His love for the people was so deep that he was willing to give his life for them." She said she had called him "Cujo" (in Spanish it means unconquerable). And, she said, "we loved each other so much."

Patty Hearst was swept off her feet

not only by William Wolfe but also by the S.L.A. itself, according to FBI agents who worked for months on the case. They are convinced that she willingly became a genuine and loyal member of the organization.

Why did the granddaughter of Publishing Tycoon William Randolph Hearst become a revolutionary? How could a girl with her privileged background and brimming future change so completely? The deepest reasons may forever remain shrouded, like the full symbolism of the celebrated sled named *Rosebud* in *Citizen Kane*, the film clas-

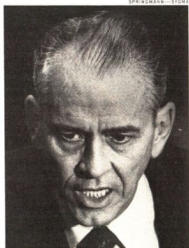
THE DOGGED PURSUER

"I told all of you for the last year and a half that we were going to catch them, but nobody believed me." With those uncharacteristically exuberant words, Special FBI Agent Charles William Bates, 55, celebrated last week's capture of Patty Hearst and her ragtag radical comrades. As chief of the FBI office in San Francisco, Bates doggedly led the nationwide hunt for 19 frustrating months. He had coolly endured news-

Returning to the U.S. in 1965, he became chief of the FBI office in Omaha and later had similar assignments in Cleveland, San Francisco and Chicago. Once, the lanky, 6-ft. 2-in. Bates was almost killed: in 1968, when he went after a kidnaper in a building in Aptos, Calif. Says Bates: "He had his gun at the hostage's head, turned and pointed the gun at me. I fired and killed him."

He earned the high esteem of fellow career agents because of the backbone he exhibited as chief of the FBI General Investigative Division in Washington, where he was in charge of the bureau's initial digging into the Watergate scandal in 1972. He and several other agents wanted to conduct an aggressive investigation that might well have led them to the White House officials who ran the Watergate cover-up. But Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray was reluctant to push the probe, especially after the CIA, at the instigation of White House aides, urged him to restrict the inquiry, ostensibly to protect U.S. intelligence activities in Mexico. At Bates' suggestion, Gray asked the CIA to put the requests in writing, and the CIA officials backed off. Instead of rewarding Bates and his colleagues for being right, Gray banished one agent to St. Louis and retired another. Avoiding a similar fate, Bates asked to be transferred back to San Francisco.

During the hunt for Patty Hearst, Bates, who earns \$36,000 a year, customarily rose at 5:30 a.m. each day. For lack of time, he gave up hunting and cut back on weekend golf. Says his wife: "The Hearst case has just consumed our life. This removes a 50-pound weight." Now Bates can return to his normal routine, unless he decides to take one of several job offers in private business. But he may well stay on in the FBI. Explains Bates, who habitually wears on a gold chain four service pins for 10, 20, 25 and 30 years with the bureau: "It's an extremely frustrating job, but you see the results more than other people do. I came in when I was 21, and I'd certainly do it again."



FBI AGENT CHARLES BATES

paper complaints that the investigation was being badly run. Bates never responded publicly to the criticism, but repeatedly expressed confidence that his agents would crack the case.

The case capped a 34-year career that began soon after the Texas-born Bates graduated in 1941 with a major in government from Southern Methodist University, where he had met his first FBI agent. Recalled Bates: "He was a sharp young fella and he carried a gun, which impresses any young man." So he joined up too. After assignments in Newark and Washington, Bates worked for seven years in the U.S. embassy in London as liaison with Scotland Yard.

TV service technicians name Zenith for the two things you want most in color TV.

I. Best Picture.

In a recent nationwide survey of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was named, more than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best overall picture?

Answers:

Zenith.....	38%
Brand A.....	20%
Brand B.....	10%
Brand C.....	7%
Brand D.....	6%
Brand E.....	3%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand G.....	2%
Brand H.....	2%
Brand I.....	1%
Other Brands.....	3%
About Equal.....	11%
Don't Know.....	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.

II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same survey, the service technicians named Zenith as the color TV needing the fewest repairs. By more than 2-to-1 over the next brand.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:

Zenith.....	38%
Brand A.....	15%
Brand C.....	8%
Brand D.....	4%
Brand B.....	3%
Brand I.....	2%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand E.....	2%
Brand G.....	1%
Brand H.....	1%
Other Brands.....	4%
About Equal.....	14%
Don't Know.....	9%

We're proud of our record of building dependable, quality products. But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you want details of the service technicians' survey—write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Avenue, Chicago, IL 60639.

The Bordeaux, Country French style, with beautiful simulated wood finish and genuine wood veneer top. Model SG2569P. Simulated TV picture.

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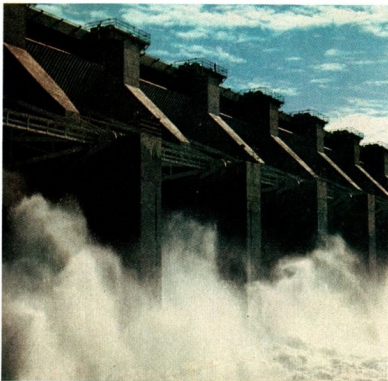
CHROMACOLOR II

The quality goes in before the name goes on.

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IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems



Water roaring through spillways at Ice Harbor Dam is no problem in the spring. In the fall, engineers try to avoid it, using computer control to conserve energy.

Saving energy in the Pacific Northwest

Three dams on the lower Snake River in Washington can generate over 1.2 million kilowatts—enough to supply 200,000 homes. An IBM computer makes sure they do it with the least possible waste of energy.

The spillways and turbines at each dam are linked to a single computer, which controls them automatically to get the most power and the least spillage from any given level of water flow.

"In the spring, when we've got plenty of water coming down, the control problem isn't critical," says project engineer Gordon Richardson. "But in late summer and early fall we don't want to spill anything if we can help it. The computer gives us the control to maintain the maximum head of water

at each dam and still sustain our power load at the top levels."

The computer receives information about water height, rates of flow and power levels from 96 sensing devices at the three dams. It reacts immediately to open or close the spillways and direct water to the turbines.

"Things change too often to control these dams any other way," says Richardson. "You have to keep changing your calculations all the time to cope with what the river's doing. With the computer we can handle it and know that we're maximizing efficiency. We get the most power we can out of the water that comes down to us. And that helps to keep the cost of power down for all the consumers served by the Northwest Power Grid."

How to keep up with 3,000 medical journals

Today a doctor, research scientist, nurse or medical student can pick up a phone at a computer terminal in 300 bio-medical institutions throughout the U.S. and get a list of the latest articles on any medical subject in minutes.

The system is called Medline, and its center is an IBM computer at the National Library of Medicine in Bethesda, Maryland. Medline contains detailed references to more than half a million medical articles published during the last three years. And 3,000 journals from some 70 countries are indexed regularly to keep it up-to-date.

In the past year Medline has been used more than 270,000 times. Agreements between the NLM and institutions in seven nations and the World Health Organization make these computerized reference retrieval services available to physicians and scientists in other countries.



An up-to-the-minute reading list on any medical subject can be obtained at 300 computer terminals in medical libraries throughout the U.S.

Keeping the pumps working in Savannah

Most of Savannah, Georgia, is only five to ten feet above sea level. This, plus the soft sandiness of the soil, requires shallow sewer depths. Sixty-five pumping stations are needed to transport waste water to the central water pollution control plant—making the reliable performance of the pumps critical.

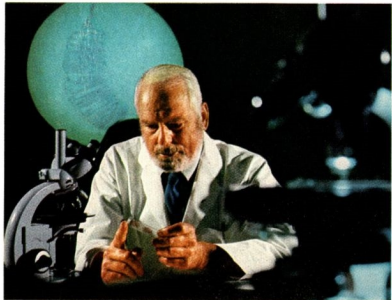
To help assure their reliability, all 65 stations are monitored by an IBM computer.

Until 1974, when the computer was installed, the maintenance crews had to spend most of their time travelling in order to check all the stations just once a day.

"If something went wrong just after a check," says water pollution control administrator Don Bowman, "we wouldn't find out about it until the next day. But now our men can respond immediately. And they get twice as much time for normal maintenance, because of all the travel time we save."



A computer helps monitor the pollution-control pumps essential to the city of Savannah, which is just above sea level.



Pathologist Dr. Donald McGrew studies slide of a malignant melanoma (skin cancer).

Cancer tracked in a hot climate

In Visalia, California, a small farming town near Fresno, Dr. Donald McGrew is using an IBM computer to record cancer cases and follow up on their treatment. He keeps the records for the Kaweah Regional Tumor Board, which is accredited by the American College of Surgeons.

A full report on each patient is stored in the computer, containing background information, diagnosis, treatment and current condition.

"The board reviews about four new cases a week," says Dr. McGrew. "The computer can summarize our experience in similar cases very quickly. And our experience here may differ from the norm. We have three blistering summer months here, with temperatures over 100 degrees, and we get more malignant melanoma than the average."

Doctors can use this information in arriving at diagnoses and prescribing the most effective forms of treatment for their patients.

Computation costs drop. In the midst of inflation, one cost has been going down dramatically—the cost of a computer calculation. In 1952, based on monthly system rental, it cost \$1.26 to do 100,000 multiplications on an IBM computer. Today, they can be done for a penny, resulting in major savings in overall computing costs. This has helped give the computer a much wider range of uses.



Toward more effective smog control

Most people who have ever lived in an urban center plagued by photochemical smog, which results from a combination of auto exhaust fumes and sunlight, would agree on two things—it is very unpleasant and ought to be eliminated. One problem is that the complex chemical reactions which produce smog are poorly understood.

Scientists Heinrich Hunziker and H. Russell Wendt have taken a step toward understanding at least part of the process. Working at IBM's San Jose Research Laboratory, they developed a method which identified the frequencies at which a key smog component,

called the hydroperoxyl radical (HO_2), absorbs infrared light. This gives researchers, for the first time, an unmistakable way of identifying the presence of the radical, and thus may help in determining the reactions which create photochemical smog.

Other IBM scientists are using an IBM computer to predict the properties of HO_2 and related smog components, helping to build a better scientific basis for smog control.

IBM®



At the 1909 Syracuse County Fair, Mr. Willard Hadlock (A) became so incensed when the blueberry pie baked by his wife (B) did not win first prize that he hurled the pie at Judge Klugman (C) who ducked, thereby causing the pie to hit Mrs. Emma Eberhart (D) who was sneaking a cigarette at the time, putting out said cigarette, and thus proving to all the men that justice prevails.



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Regular: 17 mg.*tar, 1.0 mg. nicotine—Menthol;
17 mg.*tar, 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75

THE NATION

sic modeled on the life of Hearst.

But psychiatrists who specialize in treating disturbed young people have their theories about Patty's behavior. Some believe that her motivations were far more complex than a simple and misdirected zeal to reform the world. They see her as an extreme example of the phenomenon of white, middle-class (or rich) girls turning to violence to strike at society. Starting in the late '60s, a few joined such organizations as the ultra-left Weatherman, the nihilistic and murderous "family" of Charles Manson, and the S.L.A.

Not surprisingly, some experts queried by TIME found similarities between Patty Hearst and Lynette Fromme, the Manson cultist who three weeks ago pointed a loaded .45 automatic directly at President Ford in Sacramento, Calif.

Sociologist Lewis Yablonsky, of California State University at Northridge, believes that Hearst and Fromme act like robots. "With no definite ego of their own, they placed themselves in a totally subservient position, following orders. They have low or no self-esteem, and they are desperately seeking recognition and approval." Typical of their craving for attention is the fact that they have "no regard for their own safety. They are more dangerous because of that."

Dr. Robert Harrington, director of the Hampden District Mental Health Clinic in Springfield, Mass., has observed many disturbed, white, affluent and intelligent young women. Speaking of those who turn to violence, he says: "Their inner life is one of impoverishment, and everything becomes external to them. They never look inside themselves. Some try to solve problems, some act violently, but they never contemplate their own responsibility. They just play out their impulses on society all over the place." Continues Harrington: "I think it becomes a kind of fusion of sexuality and violence when these kids find someone of a different group like Manson, or the S.L.A. led by a black—someone from a 'foreign' group that represents something alien to their own family, some kind of cultish, crazy, occult figure. And then you start getting the things like Patty Hearst holding a neat big rifle, or the Fromme girl with her .45."

So much for psychiatric diagnoses. They undoubtedly capture parts of Patty Hearst, without being able to explain her in full. Yet her mental and emotional state may yet become an issue in the complex legal maneuvers ahead. The one state and two federal cases against Patty Hearst, each with multiple counts, may drag on for years. She faces charges of: five counts of assault with an intent to commit murder; four counts of robbery; five counts of assault with a deadly weapon; three counts of felony auto theft; and two counts of kidnapping. Conceivably, Patty could be locked up for life. In addition, a civil suit for damages could be brought against her in either



LOS ANGELES SHOOTOUT & FIRE IN WHICH SIX S.L.A. MEMBERS DIED

Six charred bodies in the smoldering debris.

the state or federal courts by the two people who were wounded in the San Francisco bank robbery. Though she did not fire the shots, she was part of the group that did, and that makes her equally liable in the eyes of the law.

During her preliminary court appearance, Patty Hearst's lawyer said that she plans to plead not guilty on all counts. The rough outlines of the defense that her lawyers may use seemed to be suggested by her parents in their comments last week. They pictured their troubled daughter as a girl who had somehow been influenced or directed by S.L.A. members to commit crimes. "She was only 19 when she was forced to look down the barrel of a gun," said Mrs. Hearst. Her husband added, "I don't think very much is going to happen to her because she was a kidnap victim. Of course, there will be a hassle, and I can see a lot of bumpy roads ahead, but I don't think that is anything."

Following this approach, the high-powered Hearst lawyers may claim that Patty is innocent of any crime because she was acting under duress or even because she was suffering from temporary insanity. Indeed, while arguing that she

should be granted bail, Attorney Hallinan last week pointed out: "This woman began as a kidnap victim." But Federal District Court Judge Oliver Carter revoked the \$1.5 million bail that had previously been set, noting that he did not feel she was a good risk to be set free on bond. Said he: "In this case, we have a person who has announced to the world with others their revolution against the system... and then punctuated it with gunfire." And there was always the danger, of course, that Patty Hearst would disappear again. Patty herself said, "Well, it might have looked like favoritism if I had gotten out." Carter set another hearing for this week to reconsider the question of granting bail.

If bail is eventually restored, Randolph Hearst has said, he would put up the \$1.5 million. Once free on bond, Patty Hearst might not go to jail for years. Even if she was found guilty, the verdicts would undoubtedly be appealed for as long as possible. In the end, the great irony of Patty Hearst may be that the self-proclaimed revolutionary will depend for her freedom on a family fortune raised in a system that she vowed to overthrow.

FILM OF HEARST & DONALD DeFREEZE IN SAN FRANCISCO BANK HOLDUP

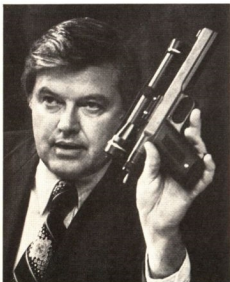


INTELLIGENCE

Of Dart Guns and Poisons



MONDALE DISPLAYING PHOTO OF TOXIN CONTAINERS



CHURCH EXHIBITING POISON DART GUN



phyxiation. Said Colby: "Agents didn't want to face that kind of fate."

Working at the U.S. Army's laboratory at Fort Detrick, Md., researchers came up with the shellfish toxin. After receiving the toxin orally or by pinprick, a victim first feels a tingling sensation in the fingers and lips, then dies within ten seconds of painless paralysis. Indeed, according to Colby, U-2 Pilot Francis Gary Powers carried the toxin—contained in the grooves of a tiny drill bit that was concealed in a silver dollar—when he was shot down over Russia in 1960, but chose not to use it.

CIA researchers also came up with an array of James Bond weaponry that could use the shellfish toxin and other poisons as ammunition. To illustrate his testimony, Colby handed a pistol to Committee Chairman Frank Church. Resembling a Colt .45 equipped with a fat telescopic sight, the gun fires a toxin-tipped dart, almost silently and accurately up to 250 ft. Moreover, the dart is so tiny—the width of a human hair and a quarter of an inch long—as to be almost undetectable, and the poison leaves no trace in a victim's body.

Murder Instrument. Church called the pistol "a murder instrument that's about as efficient as you can get." The agency has also developed two other dart-launching pistols, as well as a fountain pen that can fire deadly darts and an automobile engine-head bolt that releases a toxic substance when heated.

Expanding on Colby's testimony, Charles Senseney, an engineer for the Defense Department, told the Senators that he had devised dart launchers that were disguised as walking canes and umbrellas. In addition, he developed a device that fitted into a fluorescent bulb and spread a biological poison when the light was turned on. Senseney also participated in a joint test by the CIA and Defense Department of the New York City subway system's vulnerability to a poison-gas attack in either 1966 or 1967. Without the knowledge of New York City officials, the scientists threw containers of a simulated poison on the tracks of two subway lines. Passing trains spread the harmless substance along more than two miles of track within minutes, leading the scientists to conclude that the system was defenseless against that kind of attack.

Colby said that, to his knowledge, none of these weapons and poisons had ever been used. Still, he could not rule out the possibility entirely because the agency maintained few records on the research program to preserve its secrecy from all but a handful of CIA officials. Church committee staffers are investigating reports that the CIA prepared detailed plans to poison Congolese Radical Leader Patrice Lumumba in 1960

For nearly nine months the congressional investigations of the Central Intelligence Agency have been conducted behind closed doors and, for the most part, in polite and gentlemanly fashion. Last week the probes were going on in public and turned into explosive affairs: 1) A Senate committee relentlessly exposed evidence that middle-level CIA officials had deliberately ignored then President Richard Nixon's order to destroy all toxins and other biological weapons in 1970. 2) a House committee pugnaciously threatened to go to court if President Gerald Ford did not turn over top-secret CIA documents.

THE SENATE. In the old Senate caucus room the ten members of the select Senate committee were questioning CIA officials, including Director William Colby and the deputy director for science and technology, Sayre Stevens, about 11 gm. of shellfish toxin and 8 mg. of cobra venom discovered last May in a CIA storeroom (TIME, Sept. 22). No one could claim that the existence of the poisons as such was all that momentous, but the committee wanted to know why the lethal substances had been preserved. Besides, they made fascinating listening. To dramatize the Senators' concern, Committee Member Walter Mondale at one point displayed a photograph of two containers of the toxin.

Painful Death. By way of background, Colby revealed that the agency in 1952 began a supersecret research program, code-named M.K. Naomi, partly to find countermeasures to chemical and biological weapons that might be used by the Russian KGB. Former CIA Director Richard Helms reported that a KGB agent used poison darts and poison spray to assassinate two Ukrainian liberation leaders in West Germany. The CIA also wanted to find a substitute for the cyanide L-pill, the suicide capsule used in World War II. Cyanide takes up to 15 minutes to work and causes an agonizingly painful death by as-

THE NATION

and even shipped an undetermined quantity of poison, possibly the shellfish toxin, to the African nation. Richard Bissell, ex-director of covert operations for the CIA, told a reporter last week that the agency had investigated "the feasibility of an action of that kind" but abandoned the idea "for various operational reasons." He insisted the CIA was not involved in Lumumba's assassination by Congolese rivals in 1961.

At the hearing, Richard Helms recalled orally ordering the destruction of the CIA stockpile of shellfish toxin and venom, and an end to the M.K. Naomi program which by then had cost about \$3 million. Asked why the poisons were saved, Colby replied: "I think that it was done by people who were so completely enmeshed in the subject and the difficulty of production [100 lbs. of shellfish produces 1 gm. of toxin] that they simply couldn't bear to see the stuff destroyed." But Nathan Gordon, the stooped and bushy-browed ex-CIA chemist who was in charge of the toxin and cobra venom in 1970, maintained that he had never received an order to destroy them. That order apparently should have been relayed to him from Helms by Sidney Gottlieb, a chemist, who was then director of the agency's technical services. The committee has subpoenaed him to testify, but he has warned that he may invoke his constitutional right against self-incrimination and refuse to answer questions.

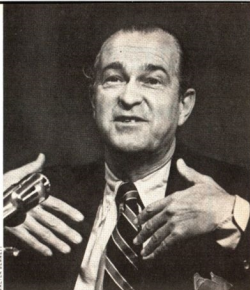
Agency Defenders. Eventually, Gordon transferred the venom and toxin in from Fort Detrick to the CIA storehouse in Washington, which held other toxic substances that were considered exempt from the presidential order because they were not intended for use as general weapons of war (see box). Helms called the episode "an aberration—something that happened once, to my knowledge." That assessment doubtless would be shared by many of the agency's defenders, who believe the CIA is

being unfairly hounded, partly for political reasons. But committee members thought otherwise. Said Church: "We have found out that ambiguity seems to plague the CIA." As a result, after ending its investigation, probably late in December, the committee will most likely recommend ways to tighten controls within the CIA as well as measures to increase congressional surveillance of the agency (see ESSAY following page).

THE HOUSE. The fragile relations between the House committee and the White House blew apart in a fierce fight over who has the right to release sensitive documents. Officials from the Pentagon and the CIA had asked the committee to delete four seemingly innocuous words ("and greater communications security") before making public a top-secret document on Egypt's military preparations for the 1973 Yom Kippur War. The officials argued that disclosure of the phrase would reveal to Egypt and the Soviet Union that the U.S. had mastered their codes and communications arrangements. But the committee reasoned that the codes undoubtedly had since been changed and insisted on making the words public.

In a further challenge to the Administration, the committee subpoenaed top-secret records on the performance of U.S. intelligence agencies during the Communists' Tet offensive in South Viet Nam in 1968.

Angry, Ford ordered that Administration witnesses not testify at the committee's hearings. In addition, White House officials excised material they judged sensitive from the subpoenaed documents and delivered the remaining portions to the committee with a letter stipulating that they remain secret. Unanimously backed by his committee, feisty Chairman Otis Pike of New York rejected the deal and threatened to ask a federal court to order Ford to comply fully with the subpoena. Said Democrat Pike: "We have released nothing that



HELMs TESTIFYING AT HEARING
"An aberration."

jeopardizes national security in any way. The bottom line is that the Congress has the right to receive classified information without any strings attached."

Thus the stage was set for a potentially serious constitutional confrontation, reminiscent of the fight over Nixon's refusal to give his Watergate tapes and documents to the House Judiciary Committee in 1974. But a compromise still seemed possible. In exchange for yielding the documents, the committee offered to give the Administration 24 hours notice before releasing any more secret materials. That would give the Administration time enough to voice its objections, if any. But without a compromise, warned Illinois' Robert McClory, the committee's ranking Republican, "we're going ahead with our hearings, and if [Administration witnesses] don't come, then it's going to be worse for them."

No Rebuttal. That was indeed the case at last week's hearing; no Administration witness showed up to rebut the testimony of ex-CIA Officer Samuel A. Adams, an analyst of Viet Cong strength for the agency in 1965-67. He charged that the CIA conspired with the military and other U.S. intelligence agencies to hide the Communists' true military strength from the American public in 1967 for political reasons and ended up misjudging the potential scope and ferocity of the Tet assault. Adams said that while U.S. officials were claiming that Communist forces in South Viet Nam totaled about 300,000, the actual figure was about twice as high.

According to Pike, the intelligence community's "mania for secrecy" was also partly responsible for the Yom Kippur War catching the U.S. by surprise in 1973. He said that U.S. intelligence agencies refused to let Pentagon and State Department officials see intercepted communications between the Soviets and Egyptians that "should have alerted us that a war was about to break out."

The Exotic Arsenal

In addition to the celebrated 11 gm. of deadly shellfish toxin and 8 mg. of lethal cobra venom, the CIA stockpiled eight substances that can kill people and 27 others that will temporarily incapacitate them. A sampling, drawn from an inventory that was made public last week at a hearing conducted by the Senate committee investigating the agency:

COLCHICINE. Paralyzes muscles, leading to asphyxiation.

STRYCHNINE. Commonly found in rat poison; kills by causing convulsions and failure of the central nervous system.

CYANIDE I-PILLS. Carried by agents in World War II; blocks the absorption of oxygen by the body's cells, resulting in an agonizing death by asphyxiation.

BZ. Blocks the transfer of impulses in the nervous system, resulting in paralysis.

CARBACHOL. Causes faintness, diarrhea and nausea.

SALMONELLA. Causes intestinal inflammation and dysentery.

HALOTHANE. An extremely potent anesthetic.

2-4 PYROLO. Causes amnesia.

M-246. Produces paralysis.

DESMETHOXY RESERPINE. Reduces the blood pressure; chronic use leads to severe mental depression.

CINCHONINE. An antimalarial drug; an overdose can result in cardiac arrest.

DEHYDROACETIC ACID. Impairs kidney function and causes vomiting and convulsions.

NEUROKININ. Produces severe pain.

Toward Restoring the Necessary CIA

It was a year ago this month that the first revelations of Central Intelligence Agency dabbling in Chilean politics came out. Since then, more than a quarter-century's worth of skeletons (not to mention exotic weapons) have tumbled from the agency's closet. Today the CIA is the least secret espionage service in the world, and its director, William Colby, the most visible and interrogated master spy in recent history. The agency has been in hot water before, of course. But unlike the uproar that followed the Bay of Pigs fiasco in 1961, the current controversy threatens the very existence of the CIA.

The CIA has lost, perhaps forever, the special dispensation that it was allowed by many Americans and their elected representatives for the first 27 years of its existence. Few people today accept unquestioningly the notion that clandestine foreign operatives are a necessary evil. Even fewer would unblinkingly buy the assurance voiced by former CIA Director Richard Helms: "The nation must to a degree take it on faith that we, too, are honorable men devoted to her service." Almost daily, newspaper editorials, legislators and some presidential hopefuls characterize the CIA as a wasteful anachronism at best, an international menace and national disgrace at worst. This month populist Candidate Fred Harris drew cheers from an audience of Democrats in Minneapolis when he proclaimed, "We've got to dismantle the monster!"

In light of the reports of the commissions headed by former Under Secretary of State Robert Murphy and Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, released in June, and of the recommendations that will be forthcoming (probably next February or March) from the Senate committee headed by Democrat Frank Church and also from Democratic Congressman Otis Pike's House Select Committee, there is no danger that the agency will escape long-overdue reforms. The real danger is that all this intensive scrutiny will lead to ill-conceived corrective measures that could damage the CIA. The legitimate and vital functions of the CIA have already suffered severely (TIME, Aug. 4). So has morale. "Until this becomes a truly secret agency again," said a high CIA official last week, "a lot of our people are not going to be able to do their jobs." Thus the challenge to Congress is not how to pull the agency apart but how to put it back together. Few critics have questioned the CIA's intelligence-gathering activities; they zero in on the agency's covert activities, which should be defined and controlled but which cannot be abandoned altogether.

Part of the problem has been that the assorted Washington hearings on the CIA have concentrated too narrowly on specific horror stories, which have led many Americans to regard the agency as a bureaucratic Frankenstein's monster that has run amuck both at home and abroad. This is a simplistic and unfair impression. Considering the size of the agency (an estimated 20,000 employees operating on a budget that may be as big as \$6 billion a year) and the enormous volume of activities it has been called upon to perform in its 27-year history, the provable instances of malfeasance are comparatively few. Moreover, the CIA to some extent was a victim of historical circumstance. When the Chile story broke last year, the military and foreign policy establishments had met their Viet Nam. The presidency had met its Watergate. The CIA was reasserting itself. The CIA was the obvious next candidate for scrutiny.

In the welter of publicity that followed the Chile revelations, much of the evidence confirmed that the CIA had indeed from

time to time violated its charter and the constitutional rights of Americans, not to mention common sense. A number of these violations can be blamed on the zealotry, villainy or stupidity of some CIA operatives, especially among the "spooks," or covert-action specialists. Many other abuses were, at root, presidential abuses. For example, the agency's illegal surveillance of the anti-Viet Nam War movement reflected Lyndon Johnson's obsessive suspicion that Communist infiltrators were behind much of the opposition to his Administration. "I just don't understand why you can't find out about all that foreign money that is behind those war protesters," Johnson complained to Helms in 1967. The CIA was just one of a number of federal agencies that Richard Nixon tried to subvert. Although the agency gave some assistance to the plumbers who broke into the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, it later sidestepped White House ploys aimed at involving it in Watergate. Partly as a result, Nixon replaced Helms in 1972.

If Presidents have misused and abused the CIA, Congress has ducked its responsibility to supervise the operations and activities of the agency. So far, there has been relatively little evidence proving that the CIA acted without presidential authorization. On the other hand, there is much to indicate that it bypassed congressional oversight—largely because Congress did not want to be bothered, or was embarrassed by supervising its activities, particularly the agency's covert operations.

What then should be done? Gerald Ford has indicated his determination to supervise the CIA closely. Legally he has to: Congress last year attached an amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act requiring that the President personally "certify" all foreign covert actions. A case can be made that this law should be repealed. The President of the U.S. is now the only head of state of a major power who is not insulated from public responsibility for a clandestine operation should it be exposed.

To help protect the presidency, and perhaps to restore a sense of checks and balances in the field of intelligence, Congress should establish a joint Senate-House oversight committee that would replace the four congressional units that have so inadequately watched over the CIA in the past. Indeed a similar proposal was made by the Rockefeller commission in its report to the President. The committee membership should rotate in order to avoid the past situation, which allowed the agency to mount covert operations abroad—and counter-intelligence activities at home—with the passive, usually *ex post facto* blessing of a few old reliable friends in the legislature. Presumably, the agency might also find it more efficient and secure to report to one committee of Congress rather than four.

The new committee should be empowered to approve—or disapprove—in advance any major clandestine activity by the CIA, like the army of Laotian tribesmen supported by the agency from 1962 until 1973. The Constitution's provision that Congress alone has the right to make war should extend to small, secret wars as well as large ones. Covert armed intervention in the domestic affairs of other countries, apart from being expensive and often ineffective, has fostered worldwide suspicions that the U.S. is behind nearly every political upheaval that conforms to American interests. More congressional supervision might reduce the number of such operations and reduce those suspicions—though there is no guarantee of either result. On the other hand, the CIA probably should be allowed some leeway to



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carry out, on its own recognizance, smaller-scale projects, especially those in which intelligence gathering and covert operations overlap.

The CIA must also be able to carry out nonmilitary clandestine actions, such as the funding of pro-American political forces in countries where the Soviets are backing their own candidates, as they did in Portugal earlier this year. But these too should be regularly reviewed with the oversight committee. It should also be allowed to see a breakdown of the CIA's budget, and should be informed about the agency's use of "proprietary," like the defunct airline Air America, cover firms (private companies that allow the agency to use overseas branches as fronts), and any American individuals or organizations it intends to enlist in its projects. Closer congressional scrutiny of the CIA, combined with more thoughtful presidential supervision, would provide a check against the CIA's getting involved with organized crime, as it did in the anti-Castro ventures.

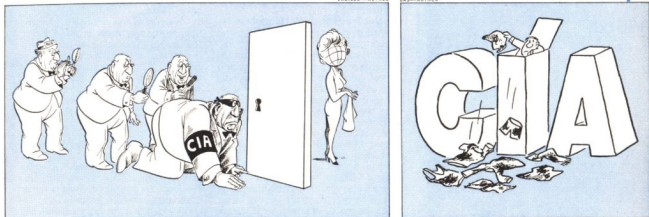
But even stronger congressional scrutiny cannot assure that the CIA will run properly. There is a basic contradiction between the secrecy and even deceit required by an organization like the CIA and the full disclosure and responsibility expected of a democratic government. It is a contradiction that the U.S. somehow must live with, since no organizational reform can completely solve this problem.

Moreover, Congress is a large and sometimes undisciplined

Schlesinger ordered an extensive housecleaning and began sweeping out the unreconstructed cold-warriors. Colby, a veteran of the covert side himself, has followed through on that program and reoriented the agency toward more relevant, "cleaner" enterprises, such as providing economic and agricultural intelligence and combatting international terrorism and narcotics smuggling.

While much of the controversy so far has concentrated on covert actions, there have also been shortcomings in the collection, evaluation and dissemination of information through the Government. Ray Cline, a former deputy director for intelligence at the CIA and chief of State Department intelligence and research at the time of the Yom Kippur War, is convinced that the failure of the agency to predict that war would break out in the Middle East was due to a lack of coordination between State, CIA and the National Security Council. "The furor over alleged cloak-and-dagger misdeeds of the past diverts attention from the fact that our central intelligence system is in deep trouble for an entirely different reason," says Cline. "It has not been as effective as it should be in its crucial central task of coordinating and evaluating information relating to the national security."

Presidential Candidates Harris and Morris Udall, former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford and other CIA critics have recommended that the CIA should be confined exclusively to in-



TWO FOREIGN CARTOONISTS POKE FUN AT THE CIA: A MEXICAN GIBE AT THE SPIED-UPON SPIES & A GREEK CRITIQUE OF THE AGENCY'S DIRTY LINEN

body of individualists. The more widely a secret is known in the Capitol, the more likely it is to be leaked. Thus both the House and Senate need to strengthen their existing regulations for preventing breaches of security—perhaps by penalties as severe as dropping from committees those members who can be proved to have illegally leaked secrets to the press or the public. One danger involved in having more congressional scrutiny of the CIA is that members of the House and Senate, as well as their staffers, will become the target of increased espionage by Washington-based foreign agents. One Communist secret service is known to be beefing up its Capitol Hill contacts already in anticipation of Congress's playing a more active role in U.S. intelligence.

Unfortunately, the facts of international life that always made the CIA more of a necessity than an evil are still real. Despite détente and the ending of the cold war, for example, the branch of Russia's KGB (committee for state security) that is in charge of foreign operations has stepped up its clandestine projects around the world, often using foreign Communist parties as conduits for money and bases of operation for agents. Western experts report that the KGB department with responsibility for Japan, India, Indonesia and the Philippines has increased its budget, apparently in response to Moscow's belief that the U.S. is still on the defensive in Asia following the collapse of South Viet Nam.

In the current furor over the CIA, genuine reforms undertaken within the intelligence community have tended to be overlooked. During his brief tenure as CIA director in 1973, James

telligence gathering. They propose that covert actions, now in the hands of the CIA's deputy director of operations, should be assigned either to the Pentagon or to a new agency. This is not a good idea. First, intelligence gathering, especially by covert means, and clandestine foreign operations inevitably overlap and often involve the same agents. To divide them artificially would risk duplication, inefficiency and—more serious—the possibility of intelligence gatherers and clandestine operators bumping into each other and being discovered. For the Pentagon to oversee covert actions, as Harris suggests, would give the military a license to initiate paramilitary adventures. That might be a cure worse than the disease. Since clandestine operations are justifiable chiefly as a means of heading off full-scale conflict—what Colby calls "an alternative between diplomatic protest and sending in the Marines"—they should be kept separate from the Defense Department.

The best official report to date on the CIA—more thorough and fair than the Rockefeller study, in the view of impartial intelligence experts—was produced by former Under Secretary of State Murphy's Commission on the Organization of the Government for Conduct of Foreign Policy. The report concluded: "Covert action cannot be abandoned, but it should be employed only where clearly essential to vital U.S. purposes and then only after a careful process of high-level review." The CIA is still the most appropriate Government agency to carry out that difficult, often unpleasant but inevitable mission.

Strobe Talbott

Message from New Hampshire

Special state elections often prove unreliable barometers of national political trends. Indeed, the surprisingly decisive victory of Democrat John Durkin in last week's rerun of New Hampshire's long-contested 1974 Senate election may not say much of anything about President Gerald Ford's prospects for election in 1976. Yet if ever there was a masterly campaign aimed

at current vulnerabilities of the party in power in Washington, it was Durkin's. His victory in a Republican state shows what a tempting target the Ford Administration has become, at least for the moment.

The vote finally resolved the closest Senate election in U.S. history. In the first election, ten months ago, five-term Republican Congressman Louis Wyman was declared the winner by 355 votes, out of 236,140 cast. Democrats demanded a recount, and to their delight, Durkin turned out to be ten votes ahead. A state review board dominated by Republicans found Wyman had won by a mere two votes. The issue was then carried to the Senate, but Republicans effectively filibustered to prevent the Democratically controlled body from seating Durkin. He finally yielded and agreed to Republican demands for a new election.

Not Smooth. New Hampshire Republicans expected to win the second time around, feeling that Wyman had been too complacent last November. On the surface, they had reason for confidence, since state elections normally turn on personality, experience and local issues. Wyman, a lawyer who was once New Hampshire's attorney general, looked strong on each count. He was more articulate and agile at debate; he looked and sounded like a Senator. "I have been trained for 25 years to learn how to be a U.S. Senator," Wyman boasted. Durkin, on the other hand, seemed ill-fitted to be a politician. He had never before run for elective office; he spoke too stridently, uttered clichés and gave oversimplified answers to tough questions. Also a lawyer, he could claim just five years as the state's appointed insurance commissioner and three as assistant attorney general. He conceded: "I may not be the smoothest item to come down the turnpike."

Durkin had other problems. Republicans hold a large voter-registration advantage (39% to 28%, with 33% registered as independent). The state Republican power structure, led by archconservative Governor Meldrim Thompson and right-wing Publisher William Loeb, went all-out to defeat the Democratic upstart. Loeb's Manchester *Union Leader* frequently assailed Durkin as a carpetbagger* from Massachusetts (he moved to New Hampshire eight years ago). Durkin was also tagged as a tool of labor unions and an advocate of big spending and big Government. Loeb even printed unsigned crackpot hate letters—purportedly from Durkin supporters—attacking Wyman.

Yet Durkin racked up 54% of the unexpectedly large vote, against 43% for

*Loeb should know He was born in Washington, D.C., and his official residence is in Nevada.

Wyman and an insignificant 3% for an American Independent Party candidate. Organizationally, Durkin did so with an efficient, labor-supported, get-out-the-vote drive. On the issues, he tied Wyman to past and current Republican Party policies in Washington, a strategy that was actually aided by President Ford's campaign swing in New Hampshire on behalf of Wyman. Durkin hammered away at the high cost of heating oil, gasoline and electricity, and forecast more increases under Ford's policy of decontrolling domestic oil. That tack was effective in New Hampshire, which has been hit unusually hard by heating and electricity price hikes.

Durkin also decried the high rate of unemployment (7.7%) in a state with a relatively small labor force and blamed it on Washington. Taking advantage of his reputation as a fighter for consumers, he attacked inflation in general and the recent recession. He criticized Republican farm policies, terming Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz "Nixon's revenge" on the nation for being forced out of office.

Watergate, too, figured in the election; Wyman is under investigation by the Special Prosecutor's office for helping arrange a \$300,000 contribution to Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign. The donor, Ruth Farkas, member of a wealthy New York department store family, who became Ambassador to Luxembourg after giving the money. Wyman conceded that he had been questioned by a Watergate grand jury about the Farkas affair, but refused to discuss the matter during the campaign. Wyman apparently remains in some danger of indictment, a possibility that President Ford boldly decided to ignore in choosing to campaign for him.

Wyman readily accepted the challenge of allying himself with Ford policies. He echoed a repeated Ford complaint about the evils of relying too much on Washington. "I want the Federal Government to keep its cotton-pickin' hands out of our business unless there's something we absolutely can't handle," Wyman declared. The pitch did not work. Wyman failed to carry nine of the 14 towns in which Ford campaigned for him. Nor did he win in Manchester, where California's Conservative Ronald Reagan stomped for him.

Restive State. If there is any message in Durkin's victory for the hopefuls who will enter the nation's first presidential primary election five months from now in New Hampshire, it is that the state is restive and unpredictable. Last week, at least, it was in no mood for politics as usual. The result: New Hampshire for the first time in 121 years has two Democratic Senators. That was melancholy news for the G.O.P. But Gerald Ford did not seem discouraged. Continuing his extraordinary early political travels, he took off at week's end for an arduous four-day schedule of speech-making in Oklahoma and California.

WINNER DURKIN & WIFE PAT AFTER VICTORY

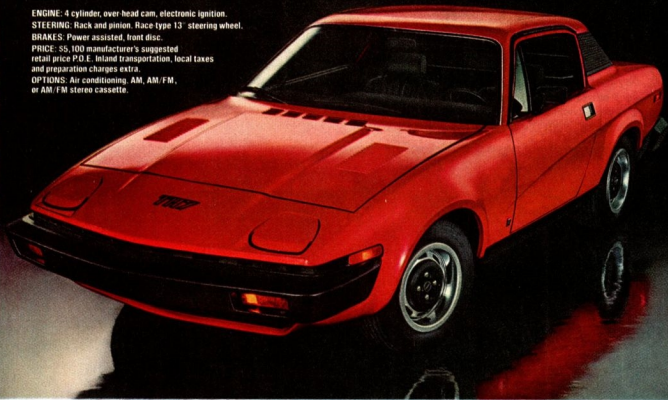


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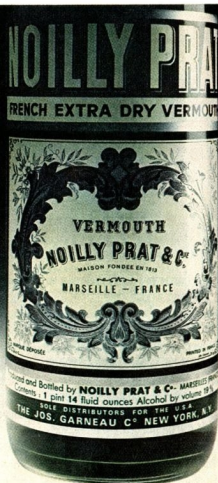
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PUERTO RICAN RUMS



Bentsen: No Chasing of Rainbows

This is the second of a series examining the declared and occasionally undeclared candidates for the presidency. The series began with Arizona Congressman Morris Udall (TIME, Aug. 25).

Everybody's second choice. That seems to be the presidential strategy of Senator Lloyd M. Bentsen, 54, who has plans of emerging as the compromise nominee after the front runners falter and the Democratic Convention is deadlocked. A multimillionaire Texas businessman who is not given to quixotic pursuits, Bentsen has tried to hug the middle of the road more closely than any other candidate. A wobble either to the left or the right makes him distinctly uneasy. "Others are trying to move toward the middle of the party," he says. "But I don't have to move. I'm already there."

Pearly Smooth. The problem with occupying the middle so snugly is that a candidate becomes, well, middling. Bentsen does little to attract or repel. Mainly, he tries to soothe with an approach that is pearly smooth and a bit soporific. "He dreams dreams but doesn't chase rainbows," was an early campaign slogan. The result is a rather colorless campaign, though one that exudes competence. Bentsen seems all but devoid of regional or personal quirks. His urbane performance gives no clues that he is a Texan. Understated and restrained, he manages to conceal much of the inner man from public view. Says a long-time associate: "Bentsen is one of the hardest people in public life to get to know." Adds Calvin Guest, chairman of the Texas Democratic Party: "The problem is to communicate his great leadership ability. Groups he has spoken to often go away without understanding what he really said."

Bentsen likes to say that he speaks without a Texas accent because his forebears came from Denmark by way of South Dakota. But his family fortune definitely speaks the language of Texas. His father, Lloyd Bentsen Sr., and his Uncle Elmer started buying land and reselling it in ways that brought accusations, though little proof, of shady business practices. From real estate, the family moved into farming, cattle raising, oil drilling, banking. Today Bentsen Sr. is worth an estimated \$50 million. The candidate puts his own assets at \$2.3 million, all of it currently placed in a blind trust.

Young Bentsen was a quick study and moved nimbly. At 21, he graduated from the University of Texas law school. That same year he enlisted in

the Army, later flew 50 missions over Europe as a bomber pilot, and was shot down twice. While on leave, he married a Texas model, Beryl Ann; they have three children. Mustered out as a major at 24, Bentsen was elected the youngest county judge in Texas. In 1948, he ran successfully for the U.S. House of Representatives, becoming the youngest member. He impressed a fellow Texan, Speaker Sam Rayburn, who included Bentsen in his after-hours bourbon-and-strategy sessions. Even so, Bentsen did not make much of a mark in the House—with the exception of a speech he now regrets. During the Korean War, he urged that atomic bombs be dropped on the North Koreans unless they withdrew from the South. "I am wiser today," says Bentsen, who claims that a member of the Truman Cabinet suggested he make the speech to try to pressure the North Koreans to negotiate.

Bentsen retired from the House in 1954 to go back home and make money. Starting with a life insurance company capitalized with family funds, he built a corporate empire including apartment buildings, shopping centers, oilfields, banks and a funeral home. Satisfied with his stake, he returned to politics at a higher level. In 1970 he challenged incumbent Senator Ralph Yarborough, a liberal folk hero. The primary contest was grimy even by Texas standards, the candidates swapping insults worthy of a saloon brawl. With the backing of Lyndon Johnson, John Connally and the Texas political-financial establishment, Bentsen scored an upset victory. That fall he defeated Republican George Bush, now chief of the U.S. liaison office in Peking.

Changed Image. When Bentsen arrived in Washington, Vice President Spiro Agnew greeted him as one of the "ideological majority" that would support the Administration. Bentsen quickly set him straight: "I'm coming here as part of the loyal opposition, not as part of the Nixon forces." He proceeded to change his image by voting with the liberals to make it easier to invoke cloture. From then on, Bentsen was tagged as "unpredictable." Filling his office with flow charts, maps and graphs, he established a reputation for probing analysis of complex issues. He took pride in exposing economic illiteracy, whether demonstrated by conservatives or liberals, admirals or environmentalists. He won coveted committee assignments: Armed Services, Finance, Public Works and the Joint Economic Committee.

In the Senate, Bentsen has concen-

trated on the economy. A fiscal conservative, he deplored big spending and even objected to revenue sharing as a strain on the federal budget. But during the recession, he has called for Government intervention to counter unemployment. He introduced a bill to create 840,000 summer jobs for unemployed youths and urges a revival of the Civilian Conservation Corps, the New Deal agency that put tens of thousands of young people to work on federal conservation projects around the country. To stimulate the depressed housing industry, Bentsen has proposed giving a 20% tax credit to parents who place \$250 a year in savings accounts for their children's higher education. The savings institutions would then be required to use 50% of the money for housing loans.

Surprise and Chagrin. Convinced that there will soon be a critical shortage of capital, Bentsen has introduced a bill to encourage more investment. The bill provides for a scaling down of the 35% capital gains tax. The longer an asset is held, the less it would be taxed when it is sold. After 15 years, the tax would be trimmed to 14%. The bill also increases from \$1,000 to \$4,000 the maximum yearly write-off of capital losses.

To reach the middle of the road, Bentsen had to move away from his close identification with his home state's largest industry. To the surprise and chagrin of some of his supporters, he voted for a bill to abolish the depletion allowance for the major oil companies while retaining it for the independents, which do much of the exploratory drilling in the U.S. Bentsen has also called for the creation of a federal bank to guarantee loans to private industry for the development of alternative energy sources. To conserve energy, he has proposed a gas-



LOYD & BERYL ANN BENTSEN



THE NATION

oline tax that starts at 5¢ per gal. and reaches 30¢ after five years.

Mainly preoccupied with domestic matters, Bentsen has demonstrated no particular aptitude for foreign affairs. Generally, he goes along with his fellow Democrats' attacks on détente and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Though a hard-liner on defense, Bentsen often raps the Pentagon for sloppy analysis and wasteful spending, asking: "Can this country afford a \$17 billion-a-year civilian defense payroll that is purely for support rather than combat purposes?"

Full Portfolio. Bentsen has raised \$1.5 million in campaign funds, more than any other candidate except George Wallace and Henry Jackson. He has also enlisted some impressive political support. While refraining from an outright endorsement, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield has said that Bentsen has a full portfolio of presidential qualifications. Bentsen has been formally endorsed by Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards and by almost every important office holder in Virginia. He is expected to defeat Wallace handily in the Texas primary and to do well in other parts of the South.

But his visibility elsewhere remains close to zero. Although he has been campaigning for the presidency since the fall of 1973, he has not been able to emerge from the growing cluster of candidates. Bentsen is still so far down in the preferential polls that he is not even listed. Less than 40% of the electorate know who he is—a statistic that nevertheless gives him some comfort. "A year ago, only 3% recognized my name," he says. "I consider that progress." His chief political adviser, Benjamin Palumbo, thought that was not sufficient progress. He urged Bentsen to speed up his campaign and try to become the front runner. Bentsen seemed to vacillate for a while and then resumed his deliberate pace. Palumbo quit the campaign this month. Says a politician who knows both men: "Ben is a craphooter, and I get the distinct impression that Lloyd doesn't want to shoot craps." The meticulous multimillionaire is obviously not ready to go for broke.

Bentsen, in fact, has begun to pay more attention to his home state. He is also running for re-election to the senate since Texas law does not prohibit him from seeking the presidency at the same time. He chose not to attend a gathering of liberal Democratic presidential hopefuls in Minneapolis last week, the first of a series of debates to be held around the country. Nothing dramatic or flamboyant or even very incisive can be expected of Bentsen as he pursues his steady-as-she-goes campaign. He wants to demonstrate that he can manage the ship of state without unduly rocking it; he wants fellow Democrats to feel secure with him rather than excited or inspired. Then, by convention time, they may be willing to settle for their second choice.



TECH SERGEANT LEONARD MATLOVICH

ARMED FORCES

"No" to Matlovich

Since his disclosure six months ago that he is a practicing homosexual, T/Sgt. Leonard Matlovich, 32, has fought to remain in the U.S. Air Force, which with equal determination has been trying to oust him. Last week Matlovich (*TIME* cover, Sept. 8) lost the first round of the battle that he has vowed to take to the U.S. Supreme Court if need be. A three-man board of Air Force officers at Virginia's Langley Air Force Base voted unanimously after a hearing to recommend that Matlovich be separated from the Air Force with a general (less than honorable) discharge. In reaching its decision, the panel was asked by the presiding officer to consider only two questions: 1) whether Matlovich's homosexuality interfered with his ability to perform military service, and 2) whether "most unusual circumstances" existed that would justify keeping him in the Air Force.

Half Dollar. After Matlovich refused on the stand to "contract to be celibate, not to practice homosexuality," Colonel James Applegate, the Air Force equivalent of a prosecutor, charged that those unusual circumstances could not exist "when Sergeant Matlovich says 'I am going to go out and do what homosexuals do.'" The panel apparently agreed. Their recommendation will be reviewed by higher Air Force officers, and a final decision on Matlovich's case will be made by Secretary of the Air Force John McLucas.

At a news conference after the decision was announced, a smiling, determined Matlovich held up a Bicentennial half dollar and observed: "It says 200 years of freedom. Not yet—but it will be some day." Then, with his friends, many of them homosexuals and in uniform, he retired to the Cue bar in Norfolk to drink beer.

The Good Life At San Clemente

The last picture that Ollie Atkins had taken of Richard Nixon was at California's El Toro Marine Base in August 1974. There, Nixon had posed briefly with the crew that flew him to the West immediately after he resigned from the presidency. Last month Atkins—the White House photographer during the entire Nixon Administration—received a surprise invitation from San Clemente to have dinner with Pat and Dick and shoot pictures of them.

Like others who have paid calls of late, Atkins found Nixon in good spirits. He looked bright-eyed and fit, showed a touch of the old presidential bearing and vigor and was seemingly determined to demonstrate that the Nixon household had weathered Watergate and returned to normality. Atkins' color photographs, shown exclusively in *TIME* on the following pages, bear out those impressions.

At San Clemente, Nixon follows a schedule that seems to be a leisurely version of his old White House routine. Shortly before 9 a.m., conservatively suited and always wearing an American-flag pin in his lapel, he usually rides a golf cart the quarter-mile from his house to Building A, the former Coast Guard station that serves as his private office. There he makes telephone calls, reviews his most important pieces of mail and has lengthy conferences with aides about his memoirs.

Late in the morning Nixon receives visitors—who in recent months have included Illinois Senator Charles Percy, former Italian Premier Giulio Andreotti and ex-White House Aide Bryce Harlow.

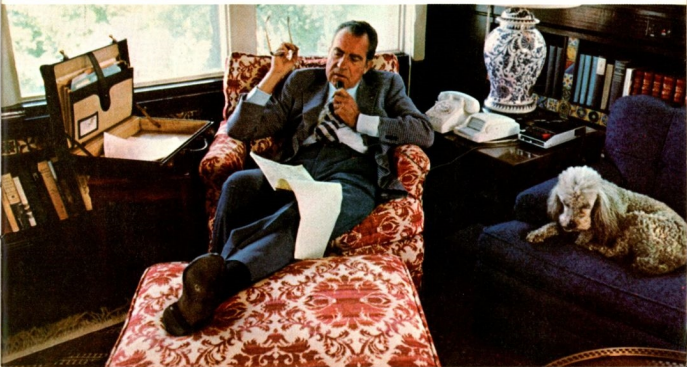
Nixon relaxes during the afternoons, frequently getting in a round of golf on the course at nearby Camp Pendleton with his aide, Colonel (ret.) Jack Brennan. Pat Nixon, by all visitors' accounts, is aglow—buoyant and relaxed as she oversees Casa Pacifica or putters in her garden. "I'm loving this place," she told a friend not long ago.

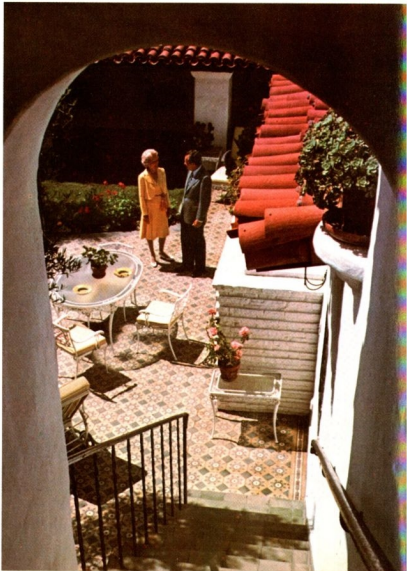
With the November 1976 deadline for Nixon's memoirs approaching, the idyllic routine has begun to change. The first 200 pages are due at the publishers at the end of this month, and Nixon has been working as much as eight hours a day. On NBC's *Today* show last week, Julie Nixon Eisenhower said Nixon has been working on the Watergate chapters of the book in recent weeks, and she declared that "he's going to write a very candid book." Would we, asked Hostess Barbara Walters, learn anything that we hadn't known before? Said Julie: "I'm sure you will."



Left: Former President Nixon and Wife Pat in front of blooming bougainvillea at their San Clemente home. Below: At Camp Pendleton, Nixon heads for golf course with Lieut. Colonel John Brennan, U.S.M.C. (ret.). Bottom: With French poodle, Vicki, on couch beside him, Nixon dictates memoirs in his studio-library overlooking the Pacific.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OLLIE ATKINS





Top left: In office of compound near his home, Nixon writes memoirs on legal pads. Above: In familiar pose on office telephone. Top right: Playing tune for Pat before dinner. Right: Nixons pause during afternoon stroll through atrium of their Casa Pacifica villa.

UNITED NATIONS

Barking Less and Liking It More

Almost any United Nations gathering of the past year has seemed guaranteed to generate bitter recriminations—most often between rich and poor countries. Not this time, however. During the U.N.'s 15-day special session on Third World demands for a greater share of the globe's wealth, delegates on both sides of the issue traded cautious huzzas instead of hisses. "These are better times," declared Sudanese Foreign Minister Jamal Mohamed Ahmed. "We are talking to each other, not howling and barking at each other across fences." The U.S.'s new Ambassador to the U.N., Daniel Moynihan, heartily agreed: "We have shown that we can negotiate in good faith. Not least, we have shown that this can be done in the unique and indispensable setting of the U.N. This system works."

Conciliatory Tone. The object of all the extraordinary fellowship and good cheer was the 16-page resolution produced by the red-eyed delegates at 3:50 a.m. on the last day of the session. The ambitious document may well provide the guidelines for more than a decade of negotiations on the world's economic problems. Although it may be premature to expect the acrimony between the Third World and the West to disappear completely from U.N. forums, the tone and content of the resolution are far more conciliatory than anyone would have predicted even one month ago. The resolution, for example, contains more than two dozen references to the proposals made by the U.S. at the start of the session (TIME, Sept. 15), and it also draws heavily from the recommendations of recent Third World conferences. Moreover, it omits most of the accusatory rhetoric that so often placed the blame on the West for the problems of the developing states.

Among the document's main points are proposals to:

- ▶ Stabilize the income that develop-

ing countries earn from their exports.

- ▶ Obtain preferential treatment in industrial lands for the manufactured goods sold by developing countries.

- ▶ Improve the Third World's access to First World capital.

- ▶ Foster increased industrialization in the developing nations.

- ▶ Give those nations a greater voice in international organizations that deal with monetary and trade policy.

The resolution did not include a number of provisions that were pressed by the Third World countries but strongly opposed by the U.S. and the European Common Market. Among them: A binding commitment to "index," or link, the price of commodities to the price of industrial goods, and an endorsement of a "new international economic order." In turn, the U.S. and other industrial states dropped their opposi-

tion to possible price-stabilizing agreements by producers of commodities like copper and tin.

Although the resolution was accepted unanimously, several delegates voiced "reservations" to specific clauses. The U.S., for example, refused to endorse a Third World demand for a mandated hike in its foreign aid to 7% of its gross national product by 1980, which would mean tripling current American aid appropriations to about \$10 billion a year. Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Anders, leader of the U.S. negotiating team, explained that "the political base no longer exists" in the U.S. for aid programs on that scale. The Americans also voiced their objections to pledging an automatic slice of any new special drawing rights—the International Monetary Fund's "paper gold"—as development aid to the poorer countries.

In his speech to the 30th regular session of the U.N. General Assembly this week, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger is expected to endorse the special session resolution and the promise of cooperation it is supposed to have fostered. The Administration, in fact, deserves much of the credit for the improved mood at the U.N. The lengthy proposals offered by the U.S. on the special session's opening day convinced many Third World moderates that they may have more to gain from quiet, pragmatic negotiating than from inflammatory rhetoric.

Deft Negotiator. Can this new spirit last? One encouraging factor is the change in the General Assembly's management. Algerian Foreign Minister Abdelaziz Bouteflika used his position as president of the 29th General Assembly aggressively to support the tactics of the Third World bloc. He wrenched procedural issues in a way that prevented South Africa from taking its seat and limited Israel's participation in the Palestinian debate. Bouteflika's blatant dis-

U.S. AMBASSADOR MOYNIHAN AT THE U.N.



NEW GENERAL ASSEMBLY PRESIDENT THORN



OUTGOING PRESIDENT BOUTEFLIKA



regard for the tradition of presidential impartiality was one cause of former U.S. Ambassador John Scali's warning last year that a "tyranny of the majority" of underdeveloped, often tiny nations in the U.N. threatened to undermine U.S. support of the organization.

This year's General Assembly president is Luxembourg's Premier and Foreign Minister Gaston Thorn, 47, who is a deft negotiator—and compromiser. Thorn may be spared having to deal with some difficult issues. South Africa, for instance, will not immediately attempt to retake its seat in the Assembly, thus postponing a showdown between the Western nations, who insist that the U.N. should be open to all, and the Third World countries who voted to bar Pretoria's delegates during the Bouteflika era. For different reasons, Israel will also not be a seriously divisive issue. Syria will call for Israel's ouster, but Egypt and other moderate Arab states, in the wake of the Sinai accord, will probably pretend not to hear.

Stirred Passions. Of course many of the more than 125 items already on the assembly's agenda will stir some passions. Late last week, the General Assembly voted overwhelmingly to request the Security Council to reconsider North and South Viet Nam's applications for U.N. membership—vetoed last summer by the U.S., which has opposed admitting Saigon and Hanoi unless South Korea is also admitted. On the agenda are also the status of the U.N. Command in South Korea and the Cyprus issue—potentially controversial items. But the main focus of the session will be the proper relationship—and responsibilities—of the rich and poor nations, and there an apparently constructive dialogue has already begun.

EAST-WEST

Stalemate Now, Progress Later

During the long, U.S.-orchestrated negotiations that led to the new Sinai agreement between Israel and Egypt, the Soviet Union became, more and more conspicuously, the odd man out in Middle East diplomacy. Now Moscow wants back in. This was the most important message conveyed by Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko last week when he stopped off in Washington for two days of talks with President Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger while enroute to the U.N. General Assembly. TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerrold L. Schechter assesses the Soviet Foreign Minister's Washington visit:

Moscow holds Kissinger and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat responsible for the humiliation the Soviets suffered in the Middle East. This was fully reflected in Gromyko's mood, which one U.S. official described as "disappointed and unhappy." The Russians are not in a very strong bargaining position in the Arab world at the moment. Not only have they lost their influence in Egypt, but they also do not have much clout in Syria, even though some 3,000 Soviet technicians remain there. Ironically, the Soviets seem to be turning to the U.S. for help in getting back on the Middle East diplomatic track.

Gromyko has indicated that his government wants the Geneva Conference to reconvene in November and to have an "iron-clad guarantee" from the U.S. that Moscow will play a key role in any future talks between the Israelis and the Syrians. While any enduring Middle

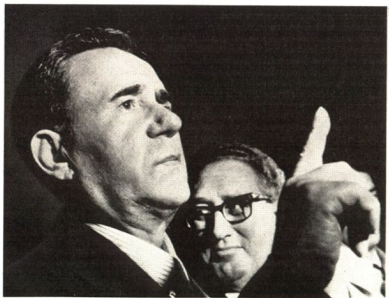
East settlement demands some Soviet participation, Washington may find itself in a dilemma if it enters into an agreement with the Soviets regarding Geneva. Reason: Israel would probably argue that such an agreement violates the recent understandings between Jerusalem and Washington in which the U.S. promised "not to join in efforts by others to bring about consideration of proposals which it and Israel agree are detrimental to the interests of Israel."

On the matter of food supplies, there is no disguising Moscow's need for U.S. aid. With this year's grain crop projected at 170 million metric tons—a full 20 million below Russia's needs—Moscow desperately wants to return to the U.S. market, where it has already purchased 10 million tons this year. But until mid-October, at least, all U.S. sales and shipments of grain to the Soviets have been frozen by Ford in response to arguments that massive grain purchases drive up U.S. food prices (TIME, Sept. 22).

Gromyko gave his blessing to the current U.S. effort to negotiate a long-term grain agreement that would end the Soviet practice of plunging disruptively into the U.S. market whenever Russia's own harvests run short. Moscow is, in fact, ready to sign an agreement to purchase between 5 million and 8 million tons of American grain annually over the next five years and allow much of it to be shipped in U.S. vessels at a favorable rate—\$16 per ton instead of the current \$9.50 per ton.

Brezhnev Visit. The Strategic Arms Limitation Talks are another area in which the U.S. enjoys some special leverage right now. While Washington wants to conclude a SALT II treaty before SALT I expires in late 1977, the Soviets face a more immediate deadline. Unless a SALT II is ready for signing, it seems unlikely that Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev will be welcome in Washington for a visit that is currently planned for later this year. Yet Brezhnev is known to want to burnish his image at a Washington summit before an important Soviet Party Congress scheduled for early 1978.

The SALT negotiations have bogged down, for example, over whether to include the Soviet's new Backfire bomber and the U.S. cruise missile under the ceilings agreed to by Ford and Brezhnev last November. Means of verifying compliance with the treaty also remain unresolved. Gromyko, however, offered no new Soviet SALT position last week. Despite the lack of momentum, U.S. officials remain cautiously hopeful for some further gains for Soviet-American détente. Said a top Kissinger aide: "It may look like a stalemate now, but as the end of the year approaches, we expect progress."



GROMYKO & KISSINGER MEETING NEWSMEN OUTSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE
Looking for help in getting back on the diplomatic track.



JORDAN'S KING HUSSEIN



PERES & KISSINGER CONFERRING IN WASHINGTON



ISRAELI SOLDIER & HAWK MISSILE BATTERY



PERSHING IN FLIGHT

MIDDLE EAST

Missiles for Peace

As the Administration's effort to sell Capitol Hill on the Sinai accord worked out between Israel and Egypt continued last week, some unpublished portions of Henry Kissinger's negotiating handwork began to leak out. There appeared to be no devastating time bombs hidden among the private "assurances" the Secretary of State had given the Israeli government that might jeopardize the deal's seemingly good chances of winning congressional approval. Most of what criticism there was seemed to focus on the sophisticated and costly weapons that Kissinger had used to sweeten the pot for an agreement.

Shopping List. The Israelis, as part of the accord, will get not only the new \$20 million F-15 fighter but also the lightweight F-16 interceptor, which is the most maneuverable combat aircraft in the world. Kissinger also committed the Administration to considering, "with the view to giving a positive response," an Israeli request for a new model of the U.S. Pershing ground-to-ground missile.

The Pershing, which has a maximum range of 460 miles, was originally designed for a nuclear warhead. A newer Pershing II, which will be available in about three years, will carry a conventional warhead with greater accuracy. It is the Pershing II that Israel is after. Defense Minister Shimon Peres, arriving in Washington last week with a shopping list for \$2.3 billion in aid and weapons this year, said that Israel views the Pershing as a deterrent, since it can reach such Arab cities as Damascus, Cairo and Amman with devastating

force. As Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin put it last week in Jerusalem: "The stronger we are, the less will be the temptation to attack us."

Even without nuclear warheads, the Pershing IIs, at \$2 million each, are scarcely thrift-shop weapons. Indeed, the cost of filling Israel's proposed weapons order, which includes the short-range Lance missile as well as other sophisticated weaponry, will come high—and the U.S. will be called on to foot two-thirds or three-fourths of the bill in the form of grants. All together over the next five years, Washington is expected to provide Israel with at least \$10 billion in arms and economic aid.

Understandably, President Ford and Kissinger are sensitive to criticism that the Sinai agreement was "bought." In Cincinnati last week, Kissinger reiterated his persuasive rebuttal that most of the U.S. aid involved would in fact have been requested and provided whether or not there was a Sinai agreement. In his White House press conference last week, Ford stressed that in the past "the U.S. has supplied Israel with very substantial military weaponry, and it is our plan to do so in the future." He insisted that there is "no firm commitment on any of the weapons. They are merely open for discussion."

The Israelis make a fairly strong case for their need for these advanced weapons. In pulling back from their present positions in the Sinai, Israel's military men—drawing on lessons learned in the October war—are revising their tactics to get more punch for the Israeli pound from a smaller army using more advanced technology. Even as Israeli forces in the Sinai began their preparations for a pullback last week, Chief of Staff General Mor-

dechai Gur talked about the new positions they will take up. At a briefing at Bir Gifgafa in the Sinai, attended by TIME Correspondent Donald Neff, Gur said: "I would like to remove the word lines from our lexicon. If in the future we see that the agreement has substance, I believe we won't have a new line." What Gur envisions are rolling defensive positions for Israel's armor and artillery, which would be backed up by long-range missiles and high-flying aircraft, including the F-15 and Israel's own Kfir fighter.

Defensive Hawks. Complicating the U.S.-Israeli arms agreement—politically, at least—is the fact that the U.S. is simultaneously undertaking to sell arms to one of Israel's Arab neighbors. After a show of pique last week, Jordan's King Hussein decided to purchase \$350 million in U.S. arms, with some strings attached. Hussein, who is paying for his weapons with funds supplied by Saudi Arabia, sought 14 batteries of Hawk ground-to-air missiles. Congress first rebuffed the Administration's request for approval of the sale, but it reversed itself last week after Ford promised that the missiles would be put in fixed positions; this meant that the Hawks could only be used defensively to protect Amman and other cities, and could not be moved forward to support an armored offensive against Israel. Upset by this stipulation, Hussein briefly balked at the deal, but then finally agreed to the U.S. terms. In fact, the King's "temper tantrum," as Washington officials described it, may have stemmed less from anger over the U.S.-imposed restrictions than embarrassment over how they might be read elsewhere in the Arab world.



BEIRUT FIREMEN FIGHTING BLAZE LAST WEEK IN SECTION OF TOWN HIT BY ROCKETS DURING ALL-OUT FIGHTING

LEBANON

A Fiery Round Four Begins in Beirut

Like a cancer checked in one organ only to flare up in another, factional fighting erupted again in Lebanon last week. Premier Rashid Karami's reluctant decision to order army units into the northern sector of the country (TIME, Sept. 22) finally halted the violence around Tripoli. But Lebanon's second largest city had hardly quieted down when street warfare broke out in Beirut for the fourth time since last April. More than 100 people were killed in several days of shooting and bombing in the capital before a tenuous truce was negotiated at week's end.

Root Causes. By now, after six months of recurring warfare between mostly Moslem leftists and largely Christian rightists, no one seems to have a lasting solution to the bloodletting that has taken more than 2,000 lives so far and is steadily tearing apart what was always thought to be the Middle East's most tolerant and cosmopolitan country. Karami last week made a new attempt to pull his nation of 3 million people back together again by proposing a "Committee of National Reconciliation" comprising representatives of Lebanon's various religious and political groups. Syria, which is anxious to maintain a stable Lebanon as a buffer along Israel's northern border, also entered the peace-making effort. Syrian Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam arrived in Beirut late in the week to help negotiate the fragile cease-fire.

TIME Correspondent Karsten Prager, who has watched the violence unfold since last spring, cable-d this report on the new fighting in Beirut:

In just six months, more people have been killed in factional fighting in Lebanon—they call it "the troubles" here—than have died in six years of agony in Northern Ireland. While that statistic is dreadful, it does not begin to convey the sense of fear and insecurity that is gnawing away at Lebanon's veneer of sophistication.

One round of street fighting in Beirut was touched off by an argument over a pretty girl. This time the tension was increased by a gasoline shortage resulting from the violence in Tripoli, which cut off most of Lebanon from the country's largest refinery. Some scenes—the sight of Cardin-clad gentlemen siphoning off other people's tanks, for instance—would have been hilarious except for the potential violence. Sure enough, fist-fights and near riots eventually erupted. There was a shootout between a gas station owner and a group of armed right-wing Christian Phalangists over fuel allocations; one man was killed, two more were wounded—and even more guns came out all over town.

Beirutis had been expecting a resumption of the street battles for days. The capital lay paralyzed under a bright fall sun; business was at a standstill, and citizens huddled in their homes. Housewives laid in extra supplies of food. Rather unnecessarily, Radio Lebanon appealed to its listeners to stay indoors because "all streets are unsafe." Sharif Akhawi, one of the country's best-known radio announcers, broadcast repeated warnings about roving bands of armed men. As fighting escalated, he called for firemen to return to their stations and for blood donors to help hos-

pitals whose supplies once again were running low. Occasionally his voice broke with the strain.

The capital became two cities—the less affluent southern and eastern tier, where left- and right-wing militiamen once again faced one another across roadblocks, and the more prosperous, relatively quiet northern sliver along the Corniche, where embassies are and well-to-do foreigners and Lebanese have their apartments. But even there, shops and restaurants eventually shuttered down and traffic died. At the prestigious 100-room St. Georges hotel beside the sea, the management counted all of twelve guests.

Hardship Post. Guerrillas fought one another with rockets, mortars and heavy automatic weapons. Not only were the internal security forces that Karami ordered in outnumbered by street fighters on both sides but they were also probably less well armed. All parties in the continuing battles are able to buy such automatic weapons as the Soviet-designed AK-47, U.S.-made M-16s and a variety of mortars, recoilless rifles and machine guns of both Western and Eastern origin supplied by willing arms dealers throughout the Middle East. Stores were dynamited and part of the shopping area near the old city center went up in flames. Smoke billowed over Beirut's deserted port as armed men—no one knows who they were—held the firemen at a distance.

Given the circumstances, it is astonishing that the large foreign community in Beirut has hung on so tenaciously. The lure of Middle East gold, more easily accessible from Beirut than anywhere else, obviously remains strong. Tellingly, however, the State Department now considers Beirut, once a favorite R. and R. spot for much of the Middle East, a hardship post for embassy staffers.

TERRORISTS

Now, Arabs as Targets

The Sinai accord was roundly denounced by the more extreme Palestinian liberation groups, who believe that Egypt's President Sadat has sold them out. Last week some hard-line but amateurish militants went so far as to attack the agreement through an assault on one of Sadat's own diplomats. Though the seizure of Ambassador Mahmoud Abdel Ghaffar and two aides in Egypt's Madrid embassy ended in total failure 16 tense hours after it had begun, it did set an ominous precedent as the first use of Palestinian terror tactics against Egypt.

It was late morning when four men in their twenties marched into the eight-story building housing the embassy, in the fashionable Salamanca section of Madrid. Carrying pistols, they burst into the embassy on the second floor. Madrid police wisely made no attempt to test the terrorists' threat to kill the three men they had seized as hostages: Ambassador Ghaffar, the press attaché Mohammed Azizi and the consul. The terrorists claimed to belong to a Martyred Abdel Khader Hussein Group, named after a Palestine liberation fighter. The group is thought to be composed of militants from the "rejection front," which is opposed to a negotiated settlement with Israel. They telephoned their demands to a Spanish news agency. Describing the Sinai accord as "treason against the Egyptian people," they said they would kill their hostages if Sadat did not repudiate the Sinai agreement and abandon implementation talks on the accord that are underway in Geneva. The Iraqi and Algerian ambassadors, later joined by those from Jordan and Kuwait, rushed to help their captive colleague. They communicated with the terrorists by passing notes under a door.

Volunteer Hostages. Sadat's reaction was swift and strong. He denounced not the Sinai accord but the terrorists, and instructed his ambassador in Beirut to enlist the help of Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat in ending the incident peacefully. Arafat sent a message to the terrorists pointing out that an operation such as theirs did not serve the Palestinian cause. Meanwhile, Sadat had agreed to have them flown to Algiers if they did not harm their captives. The kidnappers agreed. When an Algerian Ilushin-18 arrived in Algiers at 3:30 a.m., the three Egyptians, plus the Iraqi and Algerian ambassadors, who had gone along as volunteer hostages to the terrorists, were released unharmed.

The P.L.O. dissociated itself from the operation, and Sadat vowed he would not be intimidated or "terrorized" by this or any other anti-Egyptian demonstration to change his policy. The incident, however, underlined the differences

within the P.L.O., contrasting Arafat's relatively moderate point of view with the harder revolutionary line of George Habash and other adherents of the "rejection front," which includes not only the more militant fedayeen groups but Libya and Iraq as well.

PORTUGAL

Hammers Yes, Sickles No

For three precarious weeks after the ouster of Marxist Premier Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves, the radical general who appeared to be leading Portugal toward Communist dictatorship, his successor had tried to weld Portugal's disparate political factions into a functioning government. While the Armed Forces Movement pressed for inclusion of all major parties in the new Cabinet, Premier-designate José Pinheiro de Azevedo faced conflicting demands from those very parties. Not unreasonably, the Socialists and Popular Democrats wanted their Cabinet strength to reflect the 38% and 26% of the popular vote they took, respectively, in last April's elections. But the Communists, who received only 12.5% of the vote, demanded at least as many Cabinet portfolios as the Popular Democrats.

Last week the Communists abruptly gave up that demand, evidently because they did not want to be blamed for prolonging the political deadlock that has paralyzed government administration in Portugal since July. That cleared the way for Pinheiro de Azevedo to be sworn in along with a new, strikingly moderate Cabinet—the sixth provisional government since the revolution began 17 months ago. Military men were awarded four Cabinet posts, civilian independents three. The remainder were apportioned according to the April election results: four to Socialists, two to Popular Democrats, one to a Communist. The critical Foreign Ministry went to Major Ernesto Melo Antunes, a moderate Marxist—in Portuguese terms—who helped engineer the rapid decolonization in Africa and recently led armed forces opposition to Gonçalves' pell-mell radicalism.

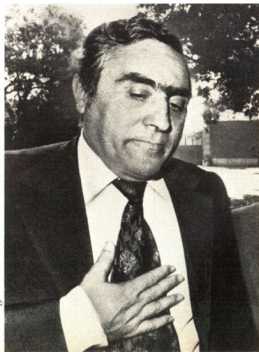
At least as important as the new Cabinet was a simultaneous overhaul last week of the military's Revolutionary Council, which has been, and will remain, the final arbiter of Portugal's revolution. For the first time, the members of the Council—now trimmed to 19—were elected by separate plenary meetings of the country's military branches instead of being chosen by partisan cabals maneuvering in the background. Only three members, all navy officers, openly favor the Communists.

Pinheiro de Azevedo, the new Premier and recent navy chief of staff, has been a leader in the Revolutionary Council since its inception. No stranger to political intrigue, the Angola-born admiral has had a role in a number of military conspiracies against the Salazar regime and its successor. In the April 1974 revolution, he commanded the radical navy fusiliers, who seized control of the secret police headquarters in Lisbon. More recently, as an emissary to NATO, he has been talking like a moderate, arguing that Portugal must remain within the European defense force.

In a television address the week before his new government came to power, Pinheiro de Azevedo pledged to preserve "the gains made by the revolution" and to continue to build a socialist Portugal. But he also promised a "democratic pluralism" that he pointedly said would extend to the news media—a slap at the Communist unions that use the state-owned radio, TV and newspapers to spout the party line. Despite their token representation in the Cabinet, the Communists eye the new regime with scarcely veiled hostility. Party Leader Alvaro Cunhal told cheering followers in Lisbon's Campo Pequeno bull ring that if the government should move too far to the right, "we will join battle."

Apart from the Communists, the new government faces monumental problems, including a 30% inflation rate, an ever-rising population of Angolan refugees and—perhaps worst of all—a general collapse of public morale. "We must show the people something practical being done," said Vasco Vieira de Almeida, a prominent independent politician. "They must see housing and hospitals being built. They must hear the sound of hammers every morning."

PREMIER PINHEIRO DE AZEVEDO IN LISBON



'This Is Only a Little Goodbye'

Tears seem to be the hallmark of Isabel Perón's troubled presidency. Fourteen months ago, she led Argentina in an emotional period of mourning for her husband and political mentor, Juan Domingo Perón. More recently, her publicly shed tears have become both a sign of her own increasingly fragile physical and emotional condition and an apt acknowledgment of the problems that her erratic rule has brought to her country. A week ago, when she handed over temporary executive power to Italo Luder, Provisional President of the Argentine Senate, she was choking back tears once again. "This is only a little goodbye," she said on a television broadcast from La Casa Rosada, the presidential palace in Buenos Aires. "This has been a very tough year, and I need to rest."

Long Walks. The next day a worn, anemically thin Isabel Perón, 44, boarded a plane and was flown to an air force recreation camp in the hills of Córdoba province 560 miles northwest of Buenos Aires. She was accompanied by the wives of the three armed forces commanders, whose evident role was to demonstrate that she still had the support of the military establishment. Inside the heavily guarded camp, where she is expected to stay for at least 45 days, she began a routine of long walks in the Argentine spring sunshine, playing golf and watching what one Buenos Aires daily described as a "discreet number" of old TV cartoons that had been sent to the camp at her request.

Evidently, her doctors hope these diversions will help the overwrought Mrs.

Perón take her mind off Argentina's deepening problems, which include an astonishing 234% annual inflation rate. The level of political violence is rising too. Since Mrs. Perón took office, right- and left-wing terrorism has claimed more than 900 lives. Last week's toll was four dead, among them the Defense Ministry's chief of intelligence, who was shot to death as he stood in a check-out line in a Buenos Aires grocery store.

As the official accounts have it, Mrs. Perón is due back in La Casa Rosada in late October or early November. But there are signs that Isabel's "little goodbye" could turn into a long farewell. Less than 24 hours after her departure, Interim President Luder began shuffling her Cabinet; he forced resignations from Defense Minister Jorge Garrido and Interior Minister Vicente Damasco. Mrs. Perón's closest adviser in recent weeks.

Her flight from Buenos Aires to a golf and cartoon holiday was the latest chapter in a singularly improbable career. Born Maria Estela Martinez in 1931, the sixth child of a middle-class family from the impoverished Argentine province of La Rioja, Isabel owes her tenuous hold on power to a chance encounter with Juan Perón in 1956. Then 25, she was a petite dancer touring Central America with a troupe called Joe and his Ballets. Perón, then 60, had just been overthrown by a military coup following nine years as President. After catching her act at the Happyland Cabaret in Panama City, he invited the young brunette to become his companion and secretary in luxurious exile.

In 1961, reportedly at the urging of their staunchly Catholic friend and host Francisco Franco, Perón took Isabel as his third wife. "I'm his companion, colleague, adviser, wife and sometimes sister and mother," Isabel said happily. In Perón's last years, she also became, as a foreign diplomat once put it, "the son he never had"—a political heir to carry on his name.

By the time Perón returned to power in 1973, the ex-cabaret girl had become a poised politician who seemed equally comfortable as the General's wife and as his vice president. Yet she was never at ease in another role: as a reincarnation of Perón's second wife Evita, who continued to be literally worshipped as Argentina's "little Madonna," even after she died of cancer at age 33 in 1952. Isabel went so far as to lighten her hair in order to increase her resemblance to Evita. Angered by what they considered her attempts to "usurp" Evita's place, left-wing Peronists scratched the eyes out of her posters.

Gradually, as the unions, the Justicialist Party and finally the military began challenging her authority, Isabel's formidable personal reserve hardened

even further. A high brick wall was put up around her official residence outside Buenos Aires. In her increasingly rare public appearances, two Isabels began to emerge—one a nervous, taut-faced woman who would wave and smile stiffly as she arrived at a cathedral for yet another official Mass, the other a shrill, fast shaking demagogue who would strain her soft voice into a shriek and warn a TV audience that "if I have to apply five turns of the screw each day for the happiness of Argentina, I will do it."

Little Rest. Attempting to soften her aloof public image, Isabel's press secretary took to talking about how "she likes flowers . . . and plays a lot of canasta." In fact, she spent many hours alone or with a few acquaintances—she has no close friends in Buenos Aires—in her walled residence watching TV or listening to classical music (her favorite: the ballet *Swan Lake*). She rarely sees her family and has no children of her own; the steward assigned to her presidential plane sometimes sends his children to the palace to play with her.

Late in July her doctors sent her to bed for almost two weeks to recover from what was officially described as a touch of flu, but many Argentines assumed it was nervous exhaustion. Despite a fondness for *marrons glacés* (chestnut candies) and other sweets, her weight had fallen to about 95 lbs. When she decided to go off on her rest, one sympathetic observer of the third Mrs. Perón's political and physical difficulties is an old friend from her Madrid days: Pilar Franco, younger sister of the Caudillo. She concedes that "I was concerned when I heard what happened to her—but not surprised." Isabel, she recalls, was "content and serene" when she and Perón were together in Madrid.

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THE WORLD

but "had fragile health even then. And she worked too hard for the General—writing all his letters and helping him with every aspect of his work. It was her life, but it gave her little rest, and she was sometimes ill."

A good many Argentines speculate that Mrs. Perón may need more than a short rest in the mountains, some golf and TV if she is to regain her strength—and her presidency.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

The Reluctant Nation

Since the 19th century, when the first European colonists reached New Guinea, the island has had a small but fervent population of cargo cultists. They build mock airstrips on mountaintops and wharves along the seashore in hopes that they will bring the material prosperity enjoyed by the plane- and ship-borne white man. Last week the white man brought to the eastern half of the island* some cargo that a good many cultists might find to be of doubtful value: independence. As Australia's Prime Minister Gough Whitlam and Britain's Prince Charles stood at attention with a crowd of 10,000 in a Port Moresby football stadium, the Australian flag was hauled down for the last time and replaced by the black, red and gold standard of the world's newest nation, Papua New Guinea. Said solemn Michael Somare, 39, a policeman's burly son who is the new Prime Minister: "This is just the beginning. Now we must start on our own two feet and work harder than ever before."

Bush Pilots. That is an understatement. The football-field ceremony ended more than 90 years of mostly benevolent foreign rule by, in turn, Germany, Britain and Australia. Except for a few years during World War II, when Japanese troops overran much of the island, Australia had governed Papua—the island's southeastern quadrant—since 1906, and adjoining northeastern New Guinea since World War I under League of Nations and U.N. mandates. Prodded initially by the U.N. and by its own dislike of the colonial image, the Whitlam government fairly rushed the reluctant colony into self-rule (in 1973) and now full independence.

In size (181,000 sq. mi.) and population (almost 3 million), Papua New Guinea is roughly equivalent to New Zealand, but there the resemblance ends. The population is scattered among more than 700 tribes, each of which has its own dialect. Most of the people hack out meager livings as subsistence-level farmers in remote rural areas. The country has no railroads and few paved roads, relying for transportation on bush pilots and 476 air strips.

*The western half of the island—second largest in the world, after Greenland—is known as Irian Jaya and is now part of Indonesia.

On a social level, the ex-colony's semi-Westernization has left it with some anomalies: tribesmen clad only in "ass grass" (leaves fore and aft hanging from a bark belt) push shopping carts in supermarkets, and spear-carrying warriors in the hills go into their occasional battles with blaring transistor radios strapped to their bodies. On a political level, the latest fad is independence—and not just from Australia. Prime Minister Somare's new government is already plagued by two separatist movements.

One of them, led by forceful Josephine Abaijah, 32, who is the only woman in the 100-member Papua New Guinea Parliament, trumpets independence for the southern region of Papua. A more serious threat to the new nation comes from separatists on the outlying island of Bougainville. Coal-black farmers and miners who disparagingly refer to lighter-skinned mainlanders as "redskins," the Bougainville secessionists argue that their island has stronger ethnic and geographic ties to the nearby Solomons, a British protectorate, than to New Guinea. A break with Bougainville would cripple the new country; the island is the site of Papua New Guinea's one large industrial enterprise, an immense open-cut copper mine that last year generated upwards of \$120 million in taxes and royalties—fully half the country's internal revenue.

Bear Hug. So far, the separatists have waged only a war of words, and Prime Minister Somare does not seem to be worried by them. A bearded former journalist and teacher who orchestrated his Pangu (Papua and New Guinea Union) Party into leadership of the ruling coalition in the Port Moresby Parliament, Somare often journeys back to his tribal area on the north coast of New Guinea, where he likes to "suck a couple of stubbies [short beers]" with betel-chewing friends on the white beach. A powerful man, he once broke up a brawl in the legislature by bear-hugging one of the combatants into submission.

Somare will need all of his strength to shepherd his country through what promises to be a period of post-independence austerity. Though Australia will continue to aid the new nation with an infusion of some \$650 million between 1974 and 1977, its own economic problems have slowed aid this year from an expected \$234 million to \$182 million.

In the longer run, the country's economic prospects are brighter. International arms of Texaco oil and Kennecott mining, among others, have shown interest in developing the country's rich but largely unexploited natural resources (oil, gas, zinc, gold, silver). Somare hopes to tap other sources in Australia, Japan, Britain, West Germany and the U.S. for additional development capital. Although they now have their independence, the people of Papua New Guinea are not likely to be liberated of their liking for that Western cargo.



NEW PRIME MINISTER SOMARE GOLFING



SOMARE PREPARING FOR TRIBAL CEREMONY



YOUNG PAPUANS GREETING PRINCE CHARLES



JACKIE & FRIEND

Her résumé may have been a bit thin, but the name carried some clout. For the first time since her \$56.75-per-week job as cameragirl for the old Washington *Times-Herald* in 1953, **Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis**, 46, has rejoined the working class as a consulting editor for Viking Press. Jackie, who now collects \$250,000 each year from the estate of her late husband, **Aristotle Onassis**, will concentrate on "initiating books, finding ideas and writers," according to Viking President **Thomas Guinzburg**, 49, a longtime Jackie friend who declined to discuss his new employee's salary. Lest anyone think that working will interfere with her evenings, Jackie promptly celebrated her job by catching Singer **Frank Sinatra's** act at Manhattan's *Uris Theater* and then adjourning to the "21" Club on the arm of Ol' Blue Eyes himself.

"He kept cursing me and said he was going to whip my ass," asserted South Carolina Patrolman J.R. Swicher, after charging Poet **James Dickey** with drunken driving and disorderly conduct. The author of the riveting adventure novel *Deliverance* had just driven his 1968 Jaguar off the road and into a utility pole in Columbia, S.C. "There is a kind of complex of roads which I am unfamiliar with," explained Dickey, 52, after spending four hours in jail and posting \$132.50 in bail. "I took a wrong turn, and the road didn't go anywhere. Now facing two months behind bars and the loss of his driving privileges if convicted, Dickey plans to maintain control of his poetic license at least. The incident, he mused, should lead to "a couple of pretty good poems."



DOROTHY LAMOUR: ON AN EARLY ROAD, & ON A NEW ROAD BACK

"Years ago at Paramount, I'd find out about *Road* pictures from a street sweeper at the studio," recalled **Dorothy Lamour**, 60, who as a girl of 22 made the sarong famous. "He'd sweep under the open windows where the executives met, listen in and pick up all the latest details." Lamour's old studio contact is long gone, but her co-stars in seven previous *Road* movies (including *Road to Singapore*, *Rio* and *Zanzibar*) remain. Some time next year, **Bing Crosby**, 71, **Bob Hope**, 72, and Lamour will reunite for their eighth cinematic trek, this one titled *Road to Tomorrow*. Crosby and Hope will portray two grandfathers who grow bored with life and set out for one last fling. And Lamour's role? "Who knows?" says Dottie. "Those two have always treated me like the kid sister. I'm always the last to know."

The contest is billed as the "King of Capitol Hill," a sexist appellation that was sure to stir up interest from feminist Congresswoman **Bella Abzug**. While congressional Republicans and Democrats spent part of their week preparing to square off in the half-mile bike race, the 60-yr. dash and other events—all to raise money for the retarded children's Special Olympics—Representative Abzug jumped into some sweat pants and sized up the volleyball competition. Her spirits may have been high, but some opponents doubted whether she would be able to reach those low re-



CONGRESSWOMAN BELLA ABZUG

turns. "My serve," confessed the Congresswoman, "obviously is better than my spike."

"There were times when Golda was really broke," recalls former Israeli Premier **Golda Meir's** personal secretary, Lou Kaddar. "So broke that she scarce-

PEOPLE

ly had food for the children. But now that is all changed." In fact, with her new autobiography, *My Life*, selling at a brushfire pace in 17 languages, Golda at 77 may soon find herself a millionairess. She has already received a \$450,000 advance from her British publishers, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, and royalties and film rights could more than double that figure. However, the loot is fast becoming an embarrassment to Golda, who has long shunned any trappings of wealth. She has planned a small addition onto her modest 2½-room cottage outside Tel Aviv, says the secretary, "but other than that she has not decided what to do with the cash. I think she simply does not want to think about it."

"It is the most fantastic party we've ever had," said Film Producer **Kevin McClory**, after opening his 500-acre Irish estate outside Dublin to performers from Duffy's Circus and a parade of Hollywood stars. Well, promotion might be a better word for it, but it certainly was eminently successful. With 980 spectators paying \$40 and more for seats, Performers **Shirley Maclaine**, **Sean Connery**, **Burgess Meredith** and **Eric Clapton** donned clown costumes and joined with Duffy's jugglers, acrobats and tumblers—all to raise money for a pair of children's charities: the Central Remedial Clinic and the Variety Club of Ireland, dedicated to the support of blind and handicapped children. High point of the celebrity get-together? Low comedy, as MacLaine & Co. launched a pie-throwing exhibition in center ring. McClory, who collected \$50,000 from his big-name bash, now hopes to bring in even more cash for kids by converting film of the day's events into a television special.

Old age makes his speech unintelligible and his gestures childlike at times, say visitors to Peking, but Chairman **Mao Tse-tung**, 81, still ris-

es to the occasion when it comes time to pose with guests like Thailand's Prime Minister **Kukrit Pramoj** and Iraq's Vice President **Taha Mohameddin Maruf**. More mobile, obviously, is the Chairman's wife, **Chiang Ching**, 61, who surfaced last week in Shansi province to make her first public speech since the chaotic days of the Cultural Revolution more than five years ago. After addressing a conference on Chinese agriculture, Mme. Mao then showed her proletarian stuff by donning peasant clothing and setting to work shoveling the good earth from a nearby irrigation ditch.

Nine new constituents, even if they can't vote, are nothing to sniff at. That may explain why **President Ford** went straight to the side of Liberty, his pet golden retriever, after finishing his golf game last week. With First Lady **Betty Ford** and Daughter **Susan** in attendance, the 19-month-old family dog gave birth to five male and four female puppies. "She's a good mother," pronounced the President, and then promised one member of the litter to Michigan's Leader Dog School for the Blind and a second to White House Photographer **David Kennerly**. Although it was a big day for the country's First Dog, the event was fairly routine for Misty's Sungold Lad, champion retriever from Oregon and acknowledged father of the new family, even though they no longer live together. The pups bring his list of offspring to about 410.



MME. MAO DIGS WITH PEASANTS



MAO GREET'S THAILAND'S KUKRIT PRAMOJ

ACTRESS SHIRLEY MACLAINE



SEAN CONNERY AS CLOWN



LIBERTY'S FAMILY WITH THE FORDS



BOSTON FIRST-GRADERS: THIS YEAR, THE RACIAL BALANCE HAS SHIFTED

EDUCATION

White Flight Continued

In Boston's white, working-class Charlestown neighborhood, hundreds of mothers, many with small children, chanted: "Over there, over there, the kids aren't going over there." Just outside Louisville, 1,500 people attended a Ku Klux Klan cross burning one night, and 6,000 shouted "Boycott! Boycott! Boycott!" at a protest rally.

The outward signs of opposition to busing in both cities, where black and white pupils are bused out of their neighborhoods under court-ordered desegregation plans, are still as strong as ever (TIME, Sept. 22). So many stayed out of Boston schools last week that for the first time the public school system contained more minority students than whites.

Missing Students. The racial tip came as no surprise. Boston's white enrollment has been dropping steadily since 1965 while minority enrollment has been climbing. Last year, in the opening phase of forced busing, the enrollment was 52% white and 48% black and other minorities. Now the proportion of the pupils actually attending school has shifted to 54% minority and 46% white. Although a few more students trickle into school each day, fully 27% of the city's 76,127 students in the public schools have not yet attended a class this year. More than half of the missing 21,616 students are white.

Where are they? A few have registered at Boston's four Southern-style white academies. None of them have opened yet, but parents predict they will be full when they do. The South Boston

Heights Academy expects more than 400 students and is even conducting pre-admission testing. Hyde Park Academy cut off its enrollment at 350 students and has 100 more on the waiting list. Other whites have fled to parochial schools, despite the archdiocese's official hard line refusing admission to white pupils trying to avoid desegregation.

Still other Boston youngsters, however, will spend the year just hanging around. In the past few weeks there has been an alarming increase in minor crime—robberies, car break-ins—all over South Boston as teen-agers roam the streets with little to do. Says one South Boston social worker: "When kids see their parents chucking rocks at school buses, that begins the breakdown of all kinds of societal rules."

For some South Boston youngsters who are now starting their second year without school, the boycott is taking a tragic toll. The 16-year-old daughter of a militant antibusing leader has given up hope of becoming a speech therapist after staying home last year. "She just can't make it now," says her mother, who still refuses to send the girl back to school.

Some blacks are worried that the increasing white flight could result in less effective teaching of pupils who do attend school. Harvard Professor Kenneth Haskins predicts, "The school committee is white, the teachers are white, and when they see that their constituency is different from them, then we could have a problem."

By contrast the Louisville boycott seems to be losing steam. In fact, 81%

of the 124,000 pupils in the newly merged Louisville and Jefferson County school systems were in classes last week. Antibusing violence is ebbing. The night that the remainder of the 1,000 National Guard troops pulled out, some demonstrators took to the streets near Southern and Valley high schools, but their protest was almost orderly; a few ended up shaking hands with the police.

Smashed Windshield. Some violence has gone unreported. The only incident involving police gunfire during Louisville's first tense week of busing was ignored by the Louisville press. Indeed, before school started the Louisville media had adopted a set of voluntary guidelines which were designed to prevent an exacerbation of tension. The violence occurred when Frank Prell, 34, a modestly prosperous white contractor, was stopped by state troopers in riot gear as he headed across town in his 1969 pickup to visit his mother. Without explanation, they began beating on his fenders with their nightsticks and smashed his windshield. After Prell spun away in panic, he ran through a roadblock of Jefferson County policemen. Two county cops pursued him, and when Prell refused to pull over, one fired three .38-cal. bullets in the truck. Prell eluded his pursuer and made it home unhurt. Although Prell himself called the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and three radio and television stations to complain, not a word of his ordeal was broadcast or printed. (The *Courier-Journal* finally printed the story last week only after TIME started checking on it.)

As in Boston, many Louisville parents are sending their children to private schools—which registered a 22% jump in enrollment (four new private schools have opened). Kentucky Governor Julian Carroll aided antibusing forces last week when he filed suit in federal court asking the Federal Government to pay the costs of court-ordered busing.

Nevertheless, efforts to maintain the boycott are difficult for even the most intransigent white holdouts. Working parents, such as Janet and Steve Pickercell, are typical. Janet, a secretary, is away from home all day. Steve, a pipefitter, works nights, so he is baby-sitter and teacher for their son Mark, 7, during the day. Mrs. Pickercell is worried, however, because young Mark has little to do while his friends are in school. Says she: "I don't know how long we can hold out. He's bored to death. It's getting harder every day."

Unhappy Ending

Teachers' strikes ended on uncertain notes in two of the nation's largest public school systems last week. In New York, 55,000 teachers returned to their classes with a settlement that left almost everyone unhappy. In Chicago, 27,000 teachers went back to school after the board of education agreed to give them

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EDUCATION

millions of dollars more than it had in its budget.

Not even the negotiators were pleased with the contract that ended the New York strike. "Neither side will sing victory songs about this," predicted School Board Vice President Robert Christen. Albert Shanker, president of the 81,000-member United Federation of Teachers called it a settlement that "nobody likes." Certainly few educators did. As Shanker outlined the proposed contract to the union's delegate assembly (which had voted overwhelmingly to strike the week before), he was interrupted with jeers and catcalls of "Sell-out." Outside Madison Square Garden, rank-and-file teachers chanted. "Vote no, vote no." The roiled, resentful membership finally ratified the contract by an unenthusiastic vote of 10,651 to 6,695.

Short Day. The settlement made many teachers wonder if the five-day strike was worthwhile. It preserves the official class size at 32 in elementary school, 33 in junior high and 34 in senior high, but it reduces the class day—at six hours and 20 minutes already—one of the shortest in any large city—by two 45-minute periods a week. In return for the abbreviated schedule, teachers give up two preparation periods. The board agreed to use the money it "saved" during the strike (by not paying teachers' salaries and by fining them two days' pay for each day they walked out) to rehire as many as 2,400 of the 4,500 teachers it had laid off. It also promised teachers a \$300 cost-of-living increase plus a "longevity" raise up to \$1,500. New York teachers already have a salary range of \$9,700 to \$20,350, but whether they would ever receive the new increases was moot; the state has frozen all municipal wages.

Catherine B. Cass, president of the city school boards association, reported that New York's 32 local school boards were "furious" at the central board's concession to the teachers in cutting the school day. "Parents don't like the shorter days either," she added. Stephen Desposito, principal of Intermediate School 59 in Queens, said simply that the board seemed to be working with "funny money" that it might not have. That was a mild way of saying that the union had extracted a dangerous settlement from a city on the verge of bankruptcy.

A subdued Shanker predicted that "there will be a mess for a period of time." The man who had done more than his share to create that mess may pay heavily for violating a state law prohibiting strikes by public employees. Shanker served two 15-day jail terms after leading the 1967 and 1968 teacher strikes.

While it was uncertain who won the New York strike, it was clear that the city's 1.1 million public-school pupils were the losers. David E. Wiley, an associate professor of education at the University of Chicago, and his colleague Annegret Harnischfeger have been

studying the relationship between the amount of time pupils spend in school and how much they learn. Their conclusion: the reduced New York school day will cause at least an average 10% drop in pupils' reading and math ability.

In Chicago, the eleven-day strike ended after Mayor Richard J. Daley put pressure on both sides, and the settlement was a clear victory for the teach-

ers. In fact, they won a 7% raise (from a current scale of \$10,400 to \$20,996), smaller class size and a promise from the board not to eliminate 1,525 teaching jobs—all adding up to a \$79.6 million package. Unfortunately, that was \$52.9 million more than the board had to spend. Said School Superintendent Joseph P. Hannon, "We're going to need massive amounts of dollars from the state."

THE PRESS

All in the Family

The presses were already rolling when word came at 2:18 p.m. of Patty Hearst's capture, but the San Francisco *Examiner* (circ. 163,391) managed a brief bulletin and roared back the next afternoon with the kind of volcanic front page that would have tickled Patty's flamboyant grandfather, *Examiner* Founder William Randolph Hearst. PATTY, ARE YOU COMING HOME? screamed a headline in WAR-DECLARED type. Editor-Publisher John R. ("Reg") Murphy contributed a copyrighted interview with Patty's parents about their first meeting with her since she was kidnapped more than 19 months ago.

For the flagship of the eight-paper Hearst chain and a paper with family ties to the case, those exclusives have been rare. From the day the kidnap story was broken by the nearby *Oakland Tribune* until six months ago, the paper remained a compulsory half-step behind everyone else. The *Examiner* discreetly made no mention in its initial stories that Patty had been living with Steven Weed, and as recently as July failed to report a meeting between her parents and the Jack Scotts, a get-together that was widely covered elsewhere.

Randolph A. Hearst, Patty's father

and the paper's president, has even made things downright difficult for his reporters. He often held press conferences on the case just after the *Examiner's* 3 p.m. final deadline, and refused to share with his editors his knowledge of any FBI disclosures. Though KQED-TV Reporter Marilyn Baker talked regularly with him on his private home phone, *Examiner* staffers on the story were routinely denied access. Says *Examiner* Reporter Carol Pogash: "There was a gag on us. We were told to cool it, not to pursue our leads at all."

Trod Softly. The family's caution was understandable. "The S.L.A. was reading the *Examiner* as the voice of the Hearsts, and Patty's life hung in the balance," says William Randolph Hearst III, 26, her cousin and an *Examiner* reporter. For that reason, the morning *Chronicle*, with which the *Examiner* shares printing facilities, also trod softly at first, sitting for days on an exclusive by Reporter Tim Findley identifying the S.L.A. leaders by name. Findley later quit in disgust. Other energetic *Examiner* newcomers, hired in a drive to help restore long-lost prestige and sinking circulation (TIME, Feb. 10), have also decry that timidity. As Murray Olderman, who covered the case

for the Newspaper Enterprise Association, put it: "Would the San Francisco papers have reacted in the same spirit of cooperation if a Bolivian tin heir had been kidnapped instead of a local publisher's daughter?"

The *Examiner* has lately been making up for lost time. In March, the paper was the first to locate the Scotts' Pennsylvania farmhouse, and last week beat competitors to the Harrises' Mission District rooming house. But some of the younger *Examiner* newsmen still have problems. Reporter Larry Kramer, 25, was out on an undercover assignment at a local high school when he was told to interview the Harrises' landlord. Still stressed like a high school student, Kramer located Landlord David Mele and told him he was from the *Examiner*. "Oh, yes," said Subscriber Mele. "How much do I owe you?"

EDITOR REG MURPHY & RANDOLPH HEARST



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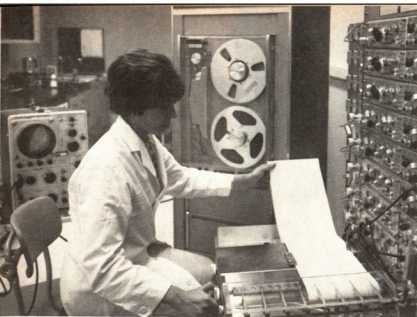
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MEDICINE

The Drug Lag

At the turn of the century, hucksters sold worm syrup and other nostrums to cure everything from rheumatism to cirrhosis. Back in 1908, the government succeeded in banning a headache remedy containing a toxic acid and bearing the beguiling name of Cuforhedake-Brane-Fude. The Food and Drug Administration, which was formally established in 1931, has stamped out such gross quackery. But now many concerned scientists are beginning to wonder whether the FDA has become so cautious in its repression of quack cures and unsafe medicines that it is in some danger of stamping out or at least slowing the development of new drugs. The latest report is by two pharmacologists from the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry. The current

laws, argue Drs. William Wardell and Louis Lasagna in a new study titled *Regulation and Drug Development*, are so strict that they actually inhibit the development of new drugs. As a result, American patients are not only being deprived of drugs already in use in other countries, they are also paying more for those they can obtain at home.

A major part of the FDA's problem, say the Rochester researchers, is a set of 1962 amendments to the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act—passed in response to the thalidomide disaster that produced thousands of deformed babies throughout Europe. These amendments, which aimed at assuring that drugs were effective, and earlier amendments setting standards for safety, were designed to prevent the introduction of any drugs that might be toxic or cause birth defects or cancer. But they have had

other, less desirable effects as well.

The new regulations mean that drug manufacturers must conduct extensive—and expensive—studies in animals in order to obtain the "investigational new drug" permits, known as IND, that will allow them to administer their medications to humans in clinical tests. One result of these requirements is that the cost of introducing a new drug has climbed considerably, jumping from an average of \$1.3 million in 1968 to \$10.5 million today.

A more important result of these regulations has been to put the U.S., whose medical technology is the world's best, behind other countries, particularly Britain, in the development of new drugs. The Wardell-Lasagna study shows that of 180 new drugs introduced in the two countries in the decade beginning in 1962, a mere 21 were first made available only in the U.S. In fact, at the beginning of the decade, 77 drugs, including many that U.S. physicians now consider not only safe but effective (see box), were not authorized by the FDA for use in the U.S.

To combat this drug lag, Wardell and Lasagna urge several changes. Among them:

REALISTIC STANDARDS. The drug that is 100% safe at all dose levels has yet to be developed and probably never will be, say Wardell and Lasagna. Therefore, it is unreasonable to expect drug developers to prove that their product is totally without risk. Every drug represents a compromise between risks and potential benefits. Only when the risks clearly outweigh the benefits should a drug be forbidden.

FLEXIBILITY ON TESTING. "The perfect trial has never been achieved," says the report. Thus, qualified professionals must be allowed to exercise more discretion in the investigational use of new drugs. Neither researcher believes that drugs should be cleared without testing merely because a few desperate patients with nothing to lose demand them. But both agree that "if a respectable minor-

What the British Can Prescribe

British patients have been able to take advantage of many new medicines long before they were available in the U.S. Among them:

RESPIRATORY DRUGS. Eight such drugs were introduced in the decade beginning in 1962, all but one of them in Britain. Four of these, including the bronchodilators proxiphyline and albuterol, are still not available in the U.S. Four have made the transatlantic crossing, including cromolyn sodium, a drug that effectively prevents the debilitating effects of allergic asthma, an ailment that afflicts 1% to 2% of Americans. The time required for the crossing: 5½ years.

ANTIBACTERIAL DRUGS. British doctors have been using co-trimoxazole, a combination of the antibiotics trimethoprim and sulfamethoxazole, since 1968. The drug, which successfully combatted bacterial infections after other medications had failed, was not admitted to the U.S. until 1973. Fusidic

acid, a steroid-type drug that has proved in practice to be particularly effective against staphylococcus infections, has been used in Britain since 1962. It has yet to be approved for use in the U.S.

CARDIOVASCULAR DRUGS. Of the 19 drugs introduced since 1962 for the treatment of cardiovascular disease, only five are available in the U.S. Clonidine, an effective drug for treating hypertension, was used in Britain for several years before the U.S. okayed it in 1974. Two other effective antihypertensive agents, bethanidine and debrisoquin, which have been available in Britain since 1963 and 1967 respectively, have yet to be approved for use in the U.S. Nor can American physicians freely prescribe propranolol, which Dr. John Laragh of the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center considers one of the best of the antihypertensives. The drug, which has been cleared for use against cardiac arrhythmias, still has not been approved for the treatment of high blood pressure.

MEDICINE

ity of professional opinion believes in the utility of a drug, then it ought at least to be available to those who believe in it."

ACCEPTANCE OF FOREIGN TESTS

Many U.S. officials seem to feel that unless something has been done in the U.S., it is not worth doing at all. As a result, drugs that have been approved in foreign countries must often be tested anew before they can be marketed in the U.S. Such testing may be superfluous, contend the Rochester medics, especially if the testing has been done properly in the first place. Says their report: "If a drug has been shown unequivocally to work in one country, the fact that the drug has potential efficacy should be acceptable to all countries."

POST-MARKET MONITORING

U.S. drug policy currently emphasizes pre-market testing of drugs. It would do better to pay more attention to what happens after a drug is cleared, say Wardell and Lasagna. "When widespread drug toxicity has occurred, it has only been after a drug has been marketed, and never in the early phases of development."

The recommendations of the Wardell and Lasagna report should please drug manufacturers and make sense to most doctors and pharmacologists. According to John Ballin, head of the American Medical Association's Department of Drugs, "There should be a streamlining of the process so a useful drug could get on the market quicker."

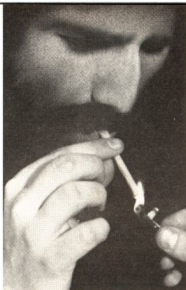
But the report has found few supporters at the FDA. The agency's current commissioner, Alexander Schmidt, concedes that there is a drug lag between the U.S. and other countries. But he denies that U.S. patients have suffered as a result. "There have been no significant therapeutic breakthroughs in other countries that this country has gone without," says he.

Schmidt, in fact, insists that the FDA can move quickly when it has to and will waste no time getting something like a proven anticancer drug or a more effective new antibiotic introduced in the U.S. But until such a product comes along, he will enforce his agency's standards, designed to be safe rather than fast.

Pot and Sex

Is pot good for sex? A lot of people believe it is. Many men say that it increases their endurance (in fact, their sense of time may be distorted by the drug), and many women rapturously report that it increases their enjoyment. But watch out. Long-term puffing, a new report concludes, can interfere with the production of reproductive hormones, suppressing the supply of the male sex hormone testosterone enough to produce impotence or infertility.

Earlier studies linking marijuana use to lowered sexual prowess have been largely discounted because they lacked proper controls. But the new study by researchers at the Reproductive Biology



MARIJUANA SMOKER

Lowering more than inhibitions.

Research Foundation of St. Louis and the University of California at Los Angeles will be harder to dismiss because it was so carefully conducted. The researchers found 20 men who volunteered for the study and confined them to the metabolic research ward of U.C.L.A.'s Neuropsychiatric Institute. There they were forbidden to smoke cigarettes or drink coffee or alcohol, and given no marijuana for eleven days before their testosterone levels were measured. Only then were they allowed to smoke pot. Each man was given a daily average of five marijuana cigarettes containing a known quantity of pot's active ingredient and monitored closely throughout the three-month test.

Dramatic Drop. After four weeks, the researchers noted significant drops in the men's production of luteinizing hormone, one of the substances that cause the testes to produce testosterone. After the fifth week, the researchers recorded decreases in the men's testosterone levels. By the end of the eighth week, manufacture of follicle-stimulating hormone, which is also involved in sperm production, was down dramatically too. Within nine weeks, the men's testosterone levels had decreased by an average of one-third—and in some cases to within the range where impotence and infertility could occur.

Dr. Robert Kolodny of the St. Louis group expressed doubt that casual marijuana use would have any serious effect on a man's sexual performance. But citing the study and more personalized interviews with 500 steady marijuana users who experienced sexual problems, he warned that those who smoke too much pot may find more than their inhibitions lowered when they get into bed. Their problem, however, need not be permanent. The study also showed that every subject's testosterone level—and ability to perform sexually—returned to normal two weeks after giving up the weed.

MILESTONES

Died. Mary Penelope Hillyard, sixty-six, owner of Blarney Castle and the stone embedded in its parapet that is said to bestow the gift of persuasive eloquence—in other words, blarney—on whoever kisses it; after accidentally setting her clothes on fire with a cigarette; in County Cork, Ireland. Mrs. Hillyard inherited the 15th century castle in 1951 from her uncle, who stipulated in his will that the fabled stone must never be sold. When an American chain-store millionaire offered to buy it in 1968, she turned the offer down, presumably with eloquence.

Died. James J. Matles, 66, controversial general secretary-treasurer of the 165,000-member United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (U.E.), who spent most of the 1950s under fire for suspected Communist sympathies; following a heart attack; in Santa Barbara, Calif. Born in Sorocea, Rumania, Matles arrived in the U.S. in 1929 and went to work as a machinist. When John L. Lewis set up the Congress of Industrial Organizations in 1935, Matles practically singlehandedly converted his AFL-affiliated colleagues in the International Association of Machinists into a new union, which he called the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America. Under that umbrella name, it became one of the CIO's most influential arms. As director of organization for the U.E., Matles gained a reputation as a left-leaning leader as well as an articulate, precise negotiator. In 1949 the U.E. was ousted from the anti-Communist CIO, and Matles was briefly deprived of his U.S. citizenship by a federal judge in 1957 on the ground that he had lied about his Communist ties when applying for naturalization more than 20 years earlier. The case went to the Supreme Court, where the decision was overturned. For three decades, Matles was a major force in shaping labor policy in the United States.

Died. Jack Bell, 71, former chief political writer for the Associated Press and author of several books on the U.S. presidency; following a massive stroke; in Washington, D.C. Bell joined the A.P. Washington bureau in 1937 and remained there for the next 32 years, writing a widely read, bylined daily column. A steady, reliable writer, he was respected for the soundness of his reporting but never established an imposing personality as a columnist. His chief preoccupation was the Chief Executive. In such books as *The Splendid Misery* (1960) and *The Johnson Treatment* (1965), Bell wrote about White House power politics and concluded that the Federal Government worked best when the President was strong enough to lead and dominate Congress.

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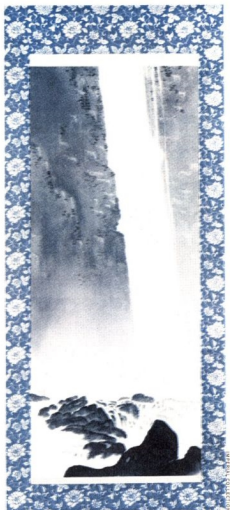
The Emperor's Show

Some collections are more private than others, and for several hundred years, the art collection of the Japanese imperial household has been one of the least accessible in the world. Very few commoners, and even fewer foreigners, have entered the precincts within the moated palace in the center of Tokyo where it is kept. Although items from the imperial collections have gone on loan to Japanese museums, a representative selection has never been shown. But when Emperor Hirohito makes his visit to the U.S. next month, he will be the first Japanese monarch to set foot on American soil; as a gesture of good will, 35 of his paintings, screens and *objets d'art* have been sent to precede him. The show opened last week at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, and will move next month to the Japan House Gallery in Manhattan, whose enterprising director, Rand Castile, worked more than a year negotiating this coup.

It will provoke great curiosity. On the whole, the curiosity will be rewarded: there are splendid objects in the group (see color opposite and next page). The earliest is a 14th century hand scroll of portraits of Emperors, seated in their ceremonial robes like weighty butterflies. There is an exquisite passage from the *Tale of Genji* copied out on silver-dusted paper by the great 17th century calligrapher Koneo Nobutada. The screens include two designs of drying fish nets, probably by Kaihō Yūsho (1533-1615)—resplendent documents of the moment when Japanese painting, having absorbed its Chinese influences, became fully Japanese.

Small Events. But the high points of the show are twelve hanging scrolls, six by Itō Jakachū and six by Sakai Hōitsu. These artists represent the poles of style and temperament in Edo period painting: Hōitsu with his feathery, elusive washes of ink painted wet into wet; Jakachū with his steely drawing and complicated patterns. Hōitsu was nobly born, the younger brother of a feudal lord. However, he wanted to paint, and, being a most elegant dilettante, educated to the fingertips, he ran through a succession of styles before fixing the manner of an earlier master, Ogata Kōrin, who had been dead for almost a century. But his own paintings were much less formalized than Kōrin's. Hōitsu was an exquisite observer of small events: a patch of lichen on the pale bark of a branch, rendered with a diffused blot of malachite green; the lively flutter of peony leaves, each surrounded, with a kind of inlaid distinctness, by a barely noticeable fringe of untouched background.

In 1823, when he was in his 60s, he produced one of the supreme ex-



YOKOYAMA TAIKAN'S WATERFALL
A real sense of sublimity.

amples of the art of color-painting on silk, the imperial collections' *Flowers and Birds of the Twelve Months*. It would be hard to imagine a subtler, less cluttered image of nature than the cherry branch and spray of white blossoms in the February scroll (opposite); in this whispering refinement, Hōitsu was far removed from the earlier Jakachū (1713-1800).

Jakachū has never been well represented in the West, mainly because his finest paintings, the almost legendary 30 scrolls depicting animals and plants, all belong to the imperial collections. To look at the dense patterns and twining lines of a Jakachū in reproduction is at first to be reminded of Victorian illustration, as though he were an Eastern Aubrey Beardsley or Arthur Rackham. Not so. In fact, he was nearer to being a cross, improbable as it may sound, between Audubon and Vincent Van Gogh.

When Jakachū painted the arrogant feathers of a cock's ruff, each sharp quill imbued with fiery distinctness, he could give them the vitality of a Van Gogh sunflower. His range of notation, the "handwriting" that constitutes larger shapes, was astounding—as a scroll of shells and coral branches, stranded on a tidal beach among outrunning threads of water, attests. The aim of such work was encyclopedic; Jakachū wanted to give a complete account of known biological fact, and he was the most "scientific" artist Japan produced in the 18th century.

Decline of Taste. A quarter of the paintings in the show and most of the craft objects—porcelain, lacquer, carvings, metalwork—were made after 1853, when Commodore Perry sailed into Edo Bay like some astronaut landing on an unvisited planet. This marked the beginning of Japan's cultural infatuation with things Western and, by no coincidence, of the decline of traditional Japanese taste. The aesthetic slippage of the Meiji period could not be more vividly illustrated than by the objects chosen for this show. To take an English simile, if Queen Elizabeth II authorized an exhibition from the royal collections, half made up of Renaissance drawings by Leonardo, Michelangelo and others, the rest of cairngorms, antlers and Landseer spaniels from Balmoral, the effect would be roughly the same. In Japan, of course, anything collected by the Emperor or his ancestors is of immediate interest, since he is (or was until the U.S. occupation) a god. Nevertheless, it is rare to encounter an object as preposterous in its Last-Supper-carved-on-a-peachstone virtuosity as the dancer in full samurai armor chiseled by Unno Shōmin, a late-19th century court artist. It is less a sculpture than a mantelpiece ornament.

Even in painting, the traditional assurance was flickering out by the 1880s. One scroll by Yokoyama Taikan (1868-1958), of a cataclysm thundering vertically into a gorge, has a real sense of sublimity—a white blade of water dividing the black walls of rock. But in general it is clear that in the expressive Chinese phrase, the "mandate of heaven" had been withdrawn from most traditional-style Japanese painting by the turn of the century. No matter: the viewer goes to this show for his older works, and they are superb. **Robert Hughes**



Sakai Hōtsu's "Twelve Months" (February)

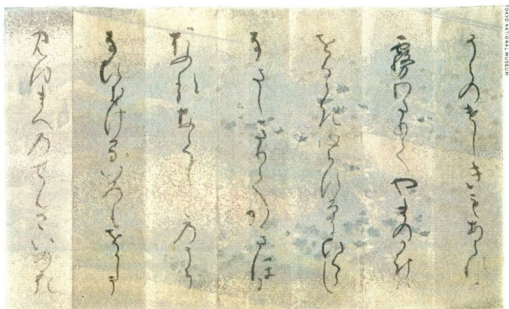


Itō Jakuchū made bold patterns out of things on land (shellfish) and under water (octopus).

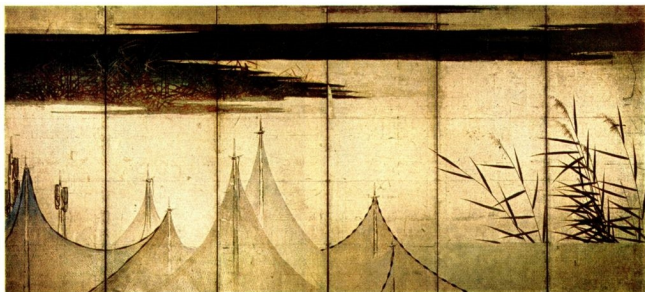




Three of 21 Emperors from 14th century scroll.



17th century calligraphic pages from "Tale of Genji."



Kaihō Yūshō's "Fishing Nets Dried on the Shore," a six-fold screen from the Momoyama period.

Between Life and Death

One night last April, Karen Ann Quinlan, 21, went to bed saying she was not feeling well. She never woke up. Stricken with a still undiagnosed malady (perhaps the result of mistakenly mixing a tranquilizer and drinks), she has remained in a coma ever since. One side of her permanently damaged brain shows almost no sign of functioning while the other gives off only slight but steady signals visible on an electroencephalogram. Last week, unwittingly, Karen Ann became the focus of the continuing legal-medical-ethical controversy over how to define death.

In Limbo. For her adoptive parents, the anguish is already five months old. For a while, Julia Ann Quinlan prayed for Karen's recovery, then that "God would take her." Joseph Quinlan, a section supervisor at Warner-Lambert, a pharmaceutical company, found it harder to give up, but "finally, I had to." Karen's neurologist declared she had "extensive cerebral damage" and saw "no hope." Nonetheless a respirator and other medical aid promised to hold her alive indefinitely in her limbo between life and death. The Quinlans realized they would have to take an affirmative step to allow Karen to die.

They were bolstered by long soul-searching talks with their other two children and their Roman Catholic parish priest. Father Thomas Trappaso advised them that there was "no moral obligation to use extraordinary means to sustain life when there is no realistic hope of some recovery." But when the Quinlans asked doctors to let their daughter

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS



KAREN ANN QUINLAN IN HIGH SCHOOL DAYS AND PARENTS AFTER FILING SUIT TO LET HER DIE

While she curls further into the fetal position, lawyers see answers without precedent.

DOW-JONES MARTINO



die, the doctors refused. Karen was not a minor, they said, and they might be held responsible for her death.

By now committed to his course, Karen's father concluded that "the courts would be the only way to get her off the machine"; he asked a judge in Morristown, N.J., to give him the right to authorize turning off the respirator. Last week the judge responded by asking the county prosecutor to show cause why he should not be barred from prosecuting if the machine were stopped. The judge also appointed a public defender to protect the unconscious girl's legal rights. But what are they? Is Karen Ann Quinlan alive or dead?

The American Bar Association has suggested that death should now be legally redefined as the "irreversible cessation of total brain function." Only a few states—not including New Jersey

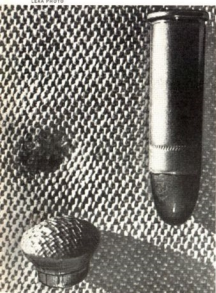
—have passed such a law. Nor can lawyers in the case, after days of research, find a single court precedent. Though there are nominally three sides in the court action, all seem united in a desire to take this case on through the appeals courts to get a full and thoughtful legal resolution of the many issues. Her mother finds comfort in that, believing that God kept Karen alive "so that others could be helped."

Fetal Position. For now, the hospital is absorbing the medical cost, already more than \$100,000. Meanwhile Karen's body is slowly curling into the fetal position, and she has lost 60 lbs. Though she does not respond, the Quinlans visit twice a day, and Mrs. Quinlan talks quietly to her. "I don't believe I could go to bed without saying something to her," she says. "Just like saying good night, you know, to your other children."

Blue Knights in Finespun Armor

The hottest-selling armor since Wilkinson Sword turned out chain-mail flak suits for airmen in World War II is made, improbably enough, from a finespun synthetic fiber called Kevlar. Developed by Du Pont and used primarily as a substitute for steel in belted radial tires, the fabric—lighter than nylon and tougher than steel—has been fashioned into everything from sports jackets to undersuits and worn by everyone who might come under the gun, from cops to Presidents. While even the thickest Kevlar garments will not stop most rifle bullets, the material nonetheless provides formidable protection. The 23-layer version, which is two-thirds of an inch thick, will stop up to a .44 magnum slug and would probably even pro-

tect against a point-blank blast such as Squeaky Fromme's .45 could have delivered. The seven-layer, 2½-lb. under-vest—most popular with police because it scarcely impedes movement—will turn back a knife attack and anything up to a .38-cal. bullet, which accounts for 90% to 95% of all handguns in the U.S. A .38-cal. cartridge, for instance, will put a dent in the Kevlar (see cut), but the knit layers absorb the shock, leaving the imprint of the weave on the slug as it blunts into mushroom-shape and then falls harmlessly away. Small wonder that President Ford was reportedly wearing Kevlar on the New Hampshire hustings and that 50,000 policemen already have or will soon get the new body armor.



KEVLAR FABRIC & .38 SLUG AFTER IMPACT



PITTS & LEE INSIDE RAIFFORD JUST BEFORE GOVERNOR'S DECISION TO PARDON THEM

Twelve Years to Justice

Port St. Joe, in the panhandle of Florida, is in one of those swampy, red-neck, Southern counties where everything moves at a slow and measured pace—except the courts when they are dealing with black defendants. After Freddie Pitts and Wilbert Lee were charged with murder, it took just three weeks before they were found guilty and sentenced to the electric chair. Evidence suggesting that their "confessions" had been coerced slowed the process not a bit. Later investigations strongly suggested that the two men were innocent but by then the local law was back in its familiar sub-tropical torpor. So it was not until last week, twelve years after they were first locked up, that Pitts and Lee were finally set free.

It all began one hot July night in 1963. Two white attendants at the Mo-Jo gas station, just outside Port St. Joe, were robbed, taken into the woods, told to lie down and then shot dead. Police learned that earlier in the evening a group of black men and women had been arguing with the attendants about using a whites-only restroom. Pitts and Lee, who were part of the group, were apparently beaten after their arrest, and they soon pleaded guilty. Once behind bars, though, they persisted in claiming they were innocent. Three years later while the two were still on death row at the state prison in Raiford, a lie detector expert working on a different case got a taped confession to the Port St. Joe murders from Curtis Adams Jr., a white man who had already been convicted of another murder. Pulitzer-prizewinning Reporter Gene Miller of the Miami Herald began an investigation that helped win a new trial for Pitts and Lee in 1972. The two men

were so hopeful about the outcome that just before their second trip to court, they passed up a chance to join a jailbreak.

But Adams refused to repeat his confession on the stand, the tape made by the lie detector expert was barred as hearsay evidence, and the all-white jury took only 90 minutes to find Pitts and Lee guilty of murder all over again. They would have been convicted, said a shaken defense attorney, even "if the Twelve Apostles testified for them." Refusing to give up, Miller and others continued to fight until Governor Reubin Askew agreed to order a new investigation a year and a half ago. Askew personally participated in part of the inquiry and sent his legal aide to talk with Adams. He confessed again, recanted and then confessed a third time to Florida Attorney General Robert Shevin.

\$100 Each. Persuaded that Adams had "information that would be very difficult to recount without knowledge of the commission of the crime," Askew earlier this month concluded that "substantial doubt exists as to the guilt of Pitts and Lee." He recommended that they be given a full pardon. Under Florida law, the Governor needed the concurrence of at least three of his cabinet officers, who are independently elected. Last week the third O.K. came, and Pitts, 31, and Lee, 40, walked out of Raiford. The state gave them \$100 each. Pitts said he harbored "bitterness" but not "hatred." Said Lee just before he got out: "I won't believe it until I'm 300 miles away from this place." Back at Port St. Joe, the present owner of the Mo-Jo said, "If they were innocent, they never would have been convicted."

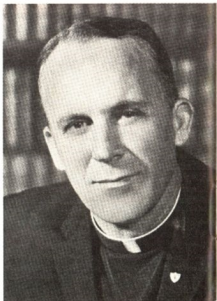
*Whose book on the case, *Invitation to a Lynching* (Doubleday, \$8.95), will be published next month.

Lyons Tamed

No writer in the U.S. Catholic press has been a more sulfurous advocate of rightist views in recent years than Jesuit Priest Dan Lyons, 55. He fought the cold war long after most Catholics had thawed. He attacked modernists, the Berrigan brothers and the liberal Catholic press. In 1970, when liberals were agitating for the right to marry and remain priests, he wrote: "The Church decided long ago that the celibate priest is more like Christ."

Last week Lyons' voice was suddenly silent. He had turned in his last columns to the *National Catholic Register* and *Twin Circle* (combined weekly circulation: 162,000), left his Manhattan office and headed west. Days later, he walked into the Portland, Ore., headquarters of his Jesuit superior, the Very Rev. Kenneth Galbraith, and stunned him by asking for a leave of absence, with the intention of ultimately seeking release from his priestly vows. After all the dropouts in recent years, "I thought I was through with being surprised," says Galbraith, "but I was surprised."

Lyons gave no public explanation, but Lyons-watchers immediately assumed that he wants to leave the priesthood in order to marry winsome Irish Singer Mary Cooney, 24. Lyons, who had flown back to New York, flatly denied to TIME that Cooney played any role in his decision. Lyons met Cooney two years ago and since then has acted part-time as her manager. A few months ago *Twin Circle* ran a laudatory feature story about her talents.



POLEMICAL JESUIT PRIEST DAN LYONS
No public explanation.

RELIGION

Several years ago, Lyons told his biographer, "It would be impossible for me to leave the priesthood." And his defection would undoubtedly come as a shock to his loyally pious fans, many of whom presumably associate priestly dropouts with apostasy. Unlike many liberals, however, Lyons is following the proper rules for leaving. In his heyday, Lyons was a formidable figure in conservative Catholicism. With Schick Razor King Patrick Frawley, Lyons started *Twin Circle* in 1967, served as its editor and got Frawley to take over the *Register* in 1970. He also raised money from conservatives to buy the 77-year-old priests' monthly, *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*.

Editor Stung. One Jesuit stung by Lyons' defection is a fellow conservative, Father Kenneth Baker, editor of the *Homiletic*. Last week confusion reigned as Baker quit and killed the October edition just as it was about to go to press. Said he: "With his going off and leaving like this, it doesn't make any sense for me to continue."

Somewhat belatedly, Baker realized that Lyons was the sole owner of the *Homiletic*, but Lyons, without consulting Baker, says he has turned control of the magazine over to Galbraith. At week's end Galbraith was flying to New York City to confer with both Lyons and Baker. Legally, the *Homiletic* had belonged to a Lyons-owned enterprise called Catholic Polls, Inc. One purpose of the organization: to poll the Catholic clergy and prove Lyons' contention that a majority oppose permitting priests to marry.



IRISH SINGER MARY COONEY
No decisive role.

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Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Palmdale, California



JOE NAMATH & THE NEW YORK JETS PRACTICING AFTER STRIKE



RANDY VATAHA AT STRIKE CENTRAL: HIS KITCHEN

SPORT

No Gain

Coaches who had spent weeks working on game plans designed to destroy opening-day opponents were suddenly not sure what team to plot against. Television networks did not know if they would have games to televise. Bookies were beside themselves because the uncertainty was costing them big business. And millions of fans were steeling themselves for an autumn Sunday on which they might have to do something other than watch pro football.

Behind all the confusion last week was the sudden pro football players' strike, the third in five years. Like the ineffectual walkouts of 1970 and 1974, last week's action began with high hopes and fizzled for lack of player support. It was a strike whose ingredients must boggle the minds of experienced union men: a divided membership, a union head bargaining in the face of a vote of no confidence, strike votes taken without members' understanding what they were voting on, and a communications network that centered on one player's kitchen phone. By the time the strike sagged and collapsed on Thursday evening, most fans had once again had their fill of a puzzling dispute pitting greedy team owners against lavishly salaried athletes.

Rozelle Rule. The flare-up began when the New England Patriots voted to boycott the last game of their preseason schedule. The Patriots were not simply demanding a better contract; they were trying to find out if the N.F.L. Players Association was a viable union. Since the failure of last year's strike, the owners have felt no pressing need to bargain with the players' group. "We're tired of waiting for negotiations to progress," announced Randy Vataha, Patriot wide re-

ceiver and player representative. "Let's see if the owners are serious—and whether the players are serious."

What Rebel Leader Vataha did not mention was a fistful of bread-and-butter grievances that were the underlying force in the walkout. The most celebrated is the controversial Rozelle rule, which restricts a player's freedom to switch teams. At present, anyone who has completed his contractual obligations with one team can sell his services elsewhere, but if he does, his new owner must compensate the old one with property (player or draft choice) of equal value. If the teams cannot strike a bargain, N.F.L. Commissioner Pete Rozelle sets the terms himself, and the players claim he always exacts a high price to discourage the footloose.

The Rozelle rule is by no means the players' only complaint. Indeed, many of them voted recently to oust Players Association Executive Director Ed Garvey because they felt he had lost last year's strike by oversteering the Rozelle rule and other "freedom issues." More important, particularly to veterans, are the league's pension plan, insurance program and even the number of players allowed each team. Since the last contract expired in 1974, for example, the league has not contributed to the players' pension fund; they have now missed payments totaling \$5 million. The players also want teams to carry more than the presently permitted roster of 43 men, so that clubs do not play short-handed when there are injuries.

With those old grievances still ranking, it did not take long for other teams to follow the Patriots' strike lead, particularly when the owners tried to lure New England back to work with an offer the players called insulting. In exchange for a return to work and a two-week no-

strike pledge, the owners promised only that there would be no reprisals and that they would make a new but undefined contract proposal by this Thursday. The Patriots turned the owners down flat. With that, they were locked out, and by last Wednesday the New York Jets and Giants, the Washington Redskins and the Detroit Lions had also walked out.

But eleven teams voted not to strike, acting on sentiments that ran from dislike of Garvey and his emphasis on non-money matters to plain lack of enthusiasm for militant action. "I hate to see the association go down the drain," explained Miami Center Jim Langer, whose team voted not to strike, "but they talk like a union. I love the game of football. It's been great to a lot of people, including me."

Action Shift. The competing efforts to expand and contract the strike revolved around Patriot Spokesman Vataha, who fielded calls from other player representatives, mediators, owners and his teammates on one yellow wall phone in the kitchen of his home in Canton, Mass., south of Boston. Downing Cokes by the dozen to keep awake, the short (5 ft. 10 in.) pass catcher and onetime Snow White dwarf at Disneyland went on a 24-hour schedule. "Don't mind me if I'm a little incoherent," he warned callers. "I haven't slept for three days."

Then, on Wednesday evening, the action shifted to New York City. The owners' Management Council got together with Garvey, player representatives from the Giants and Jets, and chief Federal Mediator W.J. Usery Jr. After laboring through the night, the owners and players finally agreed to a proposal that resembled the owners' first offer to the Patriots, with two major differences: 1) the owners promised to present their new bargaining offer on Monday rather

Alive with pleasure! **Newport**

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*After all, if smoking
isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 21 mg. "tar",
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• ARMCO

Armco is planting trees to make our plants better neighbors.

Armco has begun planting thousands of trees, shrubs and flowers. Like at our Middletown, Ohio, steelmaking plant where a "Green Belt" of 3,200 trees has already started encircling its 4½ -mile perimeter. It's to please the eyes of our own people and our neighbors, reduce dust and noise, give ecology a hand.

There are scores of Armco plants throughout the nation, making steel and a myriad of other products. Some are large, some small; each is in its own environment. Frankly, some won't be easy to beautify. Yet our long-range plan is to make surroundings more pleasant at each location in the most appropriate manner.

This year marks Armco's 75th anniversary. We look toward the future with confidence. Whether it's trees we're planting, jobs we'll be creating, or products we'll be making, we want to add to the quality of life of your children and ours.

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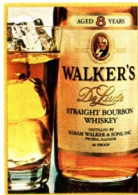
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Our famous eight-year-old bourbon is still made with the care and patience that went into this famous eight: The 1931 Packard Super 8.

You might never own the car, but you can enjoy the bourbon tonight.



Aged Eight Years

SPORT

than Thursday; 2) Userly guaranteed that the offer would be substantial. By Thursday afternoon the Giants, Jets, Redskins and Lions had returned to camp. That evening, after personal assurances from Userly, the Patriots reluctantly voted to accept the pact.

Last week's flash-fire strike leaves the league mired in confusion. Players on prostrike teams headed into the weekend ready for revenge against opponents who refused to walk out, and that bitterness will not soon fade. Moreover, the Patriots promise they will walk out again if the owners fail to bargain seriously. Should that happen, New England is likely to pick up substantial support. Meanwhile, last week's event led many an irritated fan to an unexpected thought: Sunday without pro football might not be all that bad.

Ali in Wonderland

The visitors from America had come to pay a courtesy call on Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos and his stylish wife Imelda. Dutifully diplomatic, they praised Autocrat Marcos for his leadership and vision. The President was flattered, and one of the guests continued to gush. "Looking at the way you chose your wife, I can see you're not so dumb," said Muhammad Ali. Joe Frazier flinched, but Marcos quickly counter-punched. "Looking at yours," he informed the heavyweight champ, "I can see you're not so far behind."

If Ali's reception in Manila was any indication, he may in fact be far ahead. Fully 5,000 Filipinos jammed the airport just after dawn one day last week to welcome him. As the door of the 707 opened, a solitary tenor launched into the opening verse of a ballad commissioned for the occasion. The warrior emerged from the jet, paused, then strutted down the steps to the strains of *The Muhammad Ali March*.

Ostensibly, Ali had come to defend his title against Frazier in an extravaganza he touts as the "Thrilla in Manila." In fact, the expedition resembles nothing so much as a royal tour. Ali has become one of the most readily recognized individuals in the world. Since he inaugurated his gaudy Third World road show with a knockout of George Foreman a year ago in Zaire, he has parleyed with Presidents and sheiks. What's more, his pitchman's prattle and irrepressible posturing have never failed to captivate the common fan.

Not Too Shy. In his own words he is "bigger than the Kentucky Derby, the World Series and the Indianapolis 500." Lest these seem too parochial, he is not too shy to suggest he even possesses the power to part oceans. If he is not omnipotent, Ali is at least inexhaustible. Within hours of his arrival he walked through a workout and presided over a press conference. "What is Frazier mad at me for?" he asked. "I have made him the second most famous athlete."



ALI & FRAZIER PERFORMING FOR PHILIPPINE PRESIDENT MARCOS IN MANILA
Bigger than the Kentucky Derby, World Series or Indianapolis 500.

Not quite. Frazier labors like a thief in the night—alone and almost totally ignored. His arrival ceremony in the Philippines barely lasted a minute. He sticks close to his suite where he peels grapefruit and plays high-stakes blackjack with his sparring partners to pass the time. On his first morning of roadwork, he found the Manila streets clogged with joggers; he was later granted special government permission to start before the national curfew is lifted at 4 a.m. In the afternoon, he retreats to his dressing room, which is decorated in the same red and blue motif that jazzes up his gym in Philadelphia.

Good Target. When Ali flew in, Frazier sent his 15-year-old son Marvis to heckle the champ by singing the latest Frazier recording, *First-Round Knockout*. Ali couldn't resist the chance to spar. Summoning Marvis to the microphone, he said, "He's better looking than his father, and he makes more sense." Marvis bravely sang on. "Hey, that's good" said Ali. "He even talks better than his father."

For Ali's purposes at this stage, any target is a good one. His verbal hooks and jabs are aimed, above all, to hype the game. Locally there may be no need. Filipinos are such boxing fanatics that when former World Junior Lightweight Champion Gabriel ("Flash") Elorde goes shopping with his wife, he brings along his gloves to oblige admirers who want to show their stuff. There probably will be few empty seats at the coliseum in nearby Quezon City when Frazier and Ali square off Oct. 1 (Sept. 30 in the U.S., which is on the other side of the international date line). But even with a capacity crowd of 25,567 (16,000 of whom will pay just \$4.50 a seat) and some TV income, the Philippine government will

undoubtedly fall far short of recouping its \$4 million investment.

The big money will be made elsewhere, and it will be needed. For his 15 rounds—or less—in the ring, Frazier has been guaranteed \$2 million. Ali will, of course, do better. His contract with Impresario Don King, the bout's promoter, calls for more than twice that sum. If the fight sells well at closed-circuit television outlets in the States, both fighters could double their take.

Moslem Ties. Whatever it amounts to, Ali's purse may eventually prove to be mere mad money. Before he broke camp in Pennsylvania, he was visited by Mandungu Bula Nyati, Foreign Minister of Zaire. Bula helped promote Ali's "Rumble in the Jungle" against Foreman. He now wants to establish Ali as the middleman in all business deals between Zaire and U.S. firms. Ali's share could reach \$100 million a year.

And why stop there? Ali thinks he can capitalize on his ties with Moslem nations to provide them with the same service. The champ's charitable dreams of a mosque in Louisville, a home for the aged in Chicago and countless other projects would then be well within reach. "God is leading me to deals," Ali says.

But first he must punch his way past the man he calls "the Gorilla." Frazier's manager, Eddie Futch, insists that is easier said than done. "Ali's not 25 years old any more. He can only go four rounds on his toes, and eventually he'll have to stand and fight." Perhaps not. "I'll be sidestepping and dancing, pacing myself," says Ali. "When he takes two steps forward, I'll take three back." He also plans to unveil a new weapon, "the acupunch." Not that he thinks he needs it. "Frazier's so easy to hit," he says, "he gets mad when you miss it."

OIL

High Costs, High Stakes on the North Sea

Swept by waves up to 90 ft. high and wind gusts of hurricane velocity, Europe's North Sea is one of the world's most inhospitable places to look for oil and gas. Since drilling began there more than a decade ago, in a gamble by five nations to wrest black gold from Northern Europe's front yard, at least 21 lives have been lost in drownings and other mishaps. The North Sea has also been terribly unforgiving of mechanical mistakes. Supporting buoyancy tanks ruptured last year on a new gas-production platform, sending its legs crashing to the seabed—in the wrong place. All efforts to reposition the badly damaged platform have failed, and it will probably have to be blown up to avoid becoming a nuisance to shipping. Estimated cost of the job: \$100 million.

Such setbacks help to make the North Sea's economic climate as treacherous as its meteorology. Development costs, paced by outlays for labor and expensive equipment (see color), have in many cases doubled, or even tripled, in the past two years. Through 1980, costs could reach \$35 billion for Britain and Norway alone, or \$11 billion more than the U.S. spent to land a man on the moon. Major U.S. oil companies, including Chevron, Amoco, Exxon, Texaco and others are drilling in the North Sea. But rigs are now in surplus, and the pace of exploration is expected to slow. One Norwegian oilman says flatly that "the North Sea is not a bonanza."

Buried Treasure. But the oil exploiters are pressing ahead anyway, perhaps with less euphoria than in earlier years but with more experience, maturity and confidence. Though only a trickle of oil is being pumped now, oilmen expect crude to flow in ever-increasing quantities from an under-sea supply estimated at 40 billion bbl., two to four times the recoverable reserves from Alaska's North Slope. Some experts say the total could be 70 billion bbl.—roughly equal to the so-far proven reserves of Kuwait—or even 150 billion bbl.

Whatever the figure, the stakes are high. In Britain, North Sea oil stands for nothing less than national survival, or so politicians have maintained for a decade. It offers an opportunity for Britain to become not only self-sufficient

in energy but also a modest exporter, probably in the 1980s, pumping oil revenues into its sick economy, wiping out its balance of payments deficit and reversing 30 years of economic decline. Critics say the oil will afford no such panacea; they assert that Britain's problems run deeper than any cure offered by the North Sea. But even they concede that the oil could bring an important economic pick-me-up.

For the Norwegians, already rich in money and energy supplies, North Sea oil means a chance to become richer still as the "blue-eyed Arabs of the North." By the 1980s, Norway could be producing 1.8 million bbl. daily—ten times its domestic needs—and exporting as much oil as Iraq and Libya do now. For the other North Sea participants—Denmark, The Netherlands and West Ger-

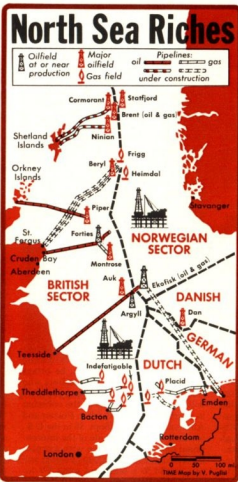
many—the waters already promise abundant oil and natural gas. It was in Holland, in fact, that a giant onshore gas discovery in 1959 pointed rightly to further riches under the North Sea.

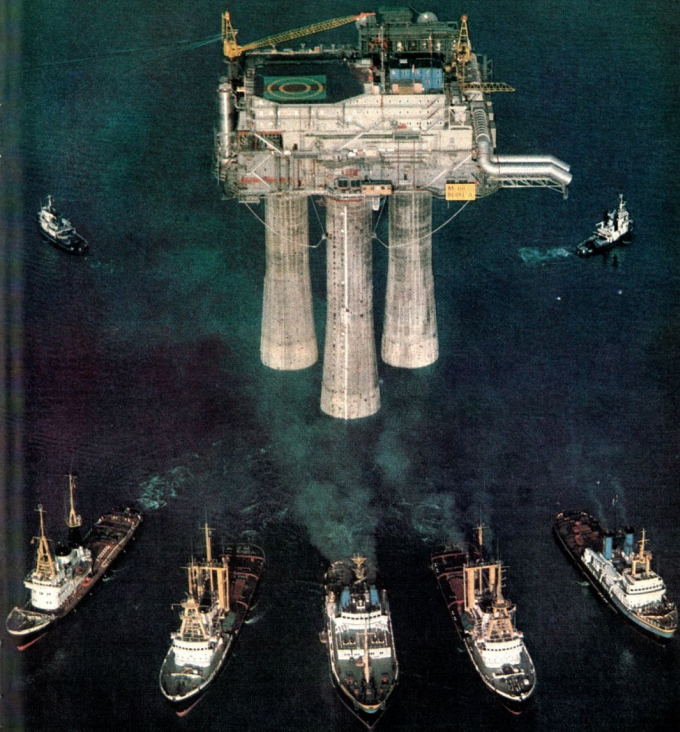
Oil began flowing to Britain in June, arriving by tanker from the Argyll field. Energy Secretary Anthony Wedgwood Benn, raising a flask of crude on high, called the event cause for "a day of national celebration." Next month oil should begin moving from Britain's promising Forties field through a 120-mile pipeline to Cruden Bay on Scotland's east coast. Some time during the next few weeks, crude will begin arriving at Teesside, England, through a 220-mile pipeline from the Ekofisk field in Norway's sector of the North Sea. The oil belongs to Norway but is being pumped ashore to Britain; a deep under-

sea trench has prevented construction of a pipeline from Ekofisk to the Norwegian mainland.

Expensive Barges. Even before oil begins flowing heavily, the North Sea's prospects are spurring radical changes in oil technology. When exploration began, the most important model of an underwater operation that oilmen could go by was the Gulf of Mexico, which has been dotted by U.S. drilling and production platforms for a generation. The North Sea soon turned into a stern teacher. Laying pipelines, for example, called for bigger, more sophisticated and more expensive barges than any ever used in the Gulf. Because choppy seas often prevent tanker loading, some method for temporarily storing great quantities of oil at sea was called for. The result: CONDEEP—a giant concrete-reinforced production platform with huge storage tanks. A Norwegian innovation, two CONDEEPs have been put in place in the British sector; each cost \$300 million and has a storage capacity of 900,000 bbl. The tow alone, 163 miles to one field and 225 miles to another, cost \$2.7 million per unit—the biggest and most expensive tugboat operation in history.

Nowhere, though, has the North Sea's impact been more evident than on the political and social landscape. Scotland has turned into a tartan Texas—with an ego to match. Scotland wants the oil landing on its shores for itself, and the issue has reopened





Tugs tow huge Candeep production platform built in Norway for Mobil to Beryl field site midway between Norway and Scotland in the North Sea.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY ALAN REININGER



Above: Giant drilling platform under construction for Shell in Stavanger, Norway.
Below: Workers on Phillips rig in Ekofisk field; French gas-processing plant being built in Scotland.



an old wound: Scottish nationalism (see box).

Some 7,000 foreigners, mostly Americans and French, have moved to the ancient 8th Century port city of Stavanger since it became the center of Norway's oil industry. Housing is in short supply, and high-rise apartment buildings are going up to accommodate a metropolitan population growing at 2% to 3% a year; it now stands at 150,000. Wages are high—for some skills twice those in the U.S.—but so are prices. Scotch costs \$3.50 a shot, discouraging noisy sprints by roustabouts and divers and keeping Stavanger almost as quiet and staid as ever. Because of Norwegian taxes, a Toyota shipped from Japan costs \$9,500, as much as a fully equipped Cadillac in the U.S. Cigarettes are \$1.50 a pack, and groceries are double U.S. prices. Don Greenlee, 47, a Texan production superintendent for Phillips at Ekofisk, takes the prices in stride. Says he: "It costs more to live here, but there are not as many things to spend your money on. Financially, we probably make out a bit better."

Costly Dip. With so much riding on North Sea oil, each government is moving to make sure it gets its share of the riches. Britain has been plagued as much as any other European nation by the quintupled price of Middle Eastern crude, on which it is so dependent. Yet, ironically, it now has a stake in high world oil prices. Britain's North Sea oil is about 15 times more expensive to develop than Middle Eastern crude, so even a dip of a dollar or two in the world oil price, to \$11 or \$12 per bbl., could render the oil from some fields unprofitable. Says Oil Expert John Lichtblau:

"It's no wonder that the industry joke at the moment has Harold Wilson joining Britain to OPEC and asking for a rise in the price of oil."

A drop in the world price is not likely; on the contrary, OPEC will probably raise prices another 12% this week at a meeting in Vienna. But Britain is taking steps to secure all the supplies it can, fast. Earlier this year, the government said it would set up the British National Oil Corp. to compete with private companies in exploration, production and refining. Presumably, it will move into marginal fields now avoided as uneconomic by private companies. Currently, anything smaller than 100,000-bbl.-per-day production capacity is regarded by most companies as not worth their commercial effort.

Britain has also proposed buying a 51% government interest, or "participation," in private companies' ventures in the North Sea. Supposedly, this would eventually steer half the oil revenues and profits to the nation's treasury. But oilmen, and even a few government officials, see little point to participation. Britain can get its proper share of the spoils through tax and conservation laws already on the books, or headed for passage, without buying control.

Norway's policy has been to tap its oil wealth slowly, so as not to bring in gushers of money all at once and disrupt the economy. Unlike Britain, though, Norway has firmly made up its mind as to what role the government should play. Through Statoil, the state oil company, Norway controls most of its oil industry. It buys up to 75% interests in production ventures; Statoil and Mobil along with other oil compa-

nies are partners in Statfjord, Norway's biggest oilfield yet (3 billion bbl. in reserves). Headed by Arve Johnsen, a 41-year-old economist and lawyer, Statoil aims to become a fully integrated company, exploring, drilling, producing and refining oil. It already owns participation rights in 38 exploration areas, or "blocks," off Norway's coast.

Newer Frontier. There is little doubt among oilmen now that the North Sea will pay off for its biggest gamblers, although just how much remains to be seen. For whatever oil it has left over for export, Britain should find a ready market in Western Europe; about one-fifth of Europe's energy may eventually come from the North Sea. Norway is already feeling pressure to speed up development from industrialists eager to spur the economy, and it probably will do so in the chillier, deeper and more treacherous waters above the 62nd parallel where even richer oil deposits may lie. Already there is preliminary exploration activity far from the North Sea—running off the Irish coast, even north into Greenland. Still a frontier itself, the North Sea is already serving as a steppingstone to another.

ALAN REININGER



AMERICAN-STYLE BARBECUE IN ABERDEEN

A Bustling Tartan Texas Rolls Out the Barrel

With riches from six North Sea fields either landing or scheduled to appear on its shores, Scotland's most important liquid asset these days is not whisky but oil. From the Shetland Islands (noted for knitwear and shaggy ponies) in the north, to Peterhead, Edinburgh and Glasgow, oil is becoming Scotland's biggest industry. Already it is creating jobs, money and humor. One joke about the high pay of Scottish oil workers: "Did you hear that one of the welders married a commoner?"

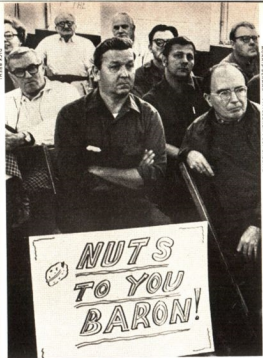
The capital of the activity is Aberdeen, an outward-looking city of 180,000 long accustomed to foreigners through export of herring and skills, both engineering and nautical: Aberdeenians officered much of the Russian navy in 18th century czarist times. But nothing in Aberdeen's gregarious history has quite prepared it for the influx of hundreds of oil-related companies (300 have operations there) and thousands of oil workers from around the world, mainly the U.S. Last week 20,000 oil people

were in town, including 7,000 visitors from as far away as Houston and Tokyo, for "Offshore Europe 75," a \$6 million exhibition of oil technology.

Since 1972, the American impact on Aberdeen has been increasing relentlessly. On Union Street, the shopping center, Dunn & Company, hatters, now carry Stetsons, and Grocer Hamilton Ross stocks Jack Daniel's and Old Grand-Dad next to Glenlivet malt Scotch. For Southern U.S. tastes, there are jalapeño peppers, barbecue sauce and Smucker's blueberry syrup.

Local talk proclaims that the Scots like the Americans better than the English. That could possibly be all too true. Scottish nationalists are on the march, declaring in stickers everywhere: IT'S SCOTLAND'S OIL. The growing Scottish National party favors an independent Scotland, with its own Parliament and its own lucrative oil industry for the benefit of Scotland's 5 million people. At the very least, it wants more home rule, or "devolution." The "Scotnats" have

shown erratic strength at the polls; most recently their candidate soundly defeated Labor and Conservative contenders in a regional election. They now are working vigorously to send London a message voiced at other times since the Act of Union in 1707, but never with the muscle of oil behind it.



BARON GUY DE ROTHSCHILD & COPPERWELD WORKERS IN GLASSPORT, PA.

MERGERS

Hold the French

Waving American flags and brandishing homemade placards reading GO HOME, FRENCHIE, a contingent of Copperweld Corp. employees marched past the French embassy in Washington recently, led by a man on stilts tricked out as Uncle Sam. That spectacle was only part of a wide-ranging fight being waged by workers and officials of Pittsburgh-based Copperweld, a specialty metal producer, to avoid being acquired by Imetal, a giant French mining concern controlled by the Rothschild family. Three weeks ago, Imetal made a tender offer to buy all of Copperweld's stock for about \$111 million. Since then the clash has developed into one of the fiercest corporate takeover battles in recent memory, marked by picketing, politicking and troubling anti-foreign overtones. Last week Copperweld took its fight to a federal court in Pittsburgh to get a preliminary injunction to block the offer.

Octopus Defense. By week's end, after hearing witnesses from both sides, senior Judge John L. Miller had not reached a decision. Whatever the outcome in Pittsburgh, however, the legal fight is likely to drag on through several more courts before it is resolved. At last week's hearing, Copperweld officials, led by Chairman Phillip Smith, consistently sought to portray their company as a small American firm in danger of being gobbled up by a predatory foreign octopus. The Copperweld executives also insisted that Imetal's proffered price is too low for a firm that has a book value of \$160 million. The French company has offered to pay

\$42.50 each for Copperweld shares that sold at \$34.50 just before the fight began and closed last week at \$38.13.

To counteract Copperweld's arguments, Imetal unexpectedly flew in its urbane chairman, Baron Guy de Rothschild, to testify. In a clear British accent, Rothschild told the court that he will neither liquidate Copperweld, siphon off its profits or technology to other subsidiaries or shake up its management, "which is considered excellent." Indeed, Rothschild asserted, Copperweld would prosper under Imetal.

Imetal is a holding company formed last November to manage about 70 subsidiaries engaged in mining (nickel, lead, iron ore, zinc), metal processing, real estate, transportation and other ventures which the Rothschilds own or hold an interest in. Last year the group collectively posted after-tax income of \$32.5 million on sales of \$1.1 billion. The new firm's interests reach from Europe to the South Pacific, Africa and South America. Copperweld would give it a sturdy beachhead in the U.S., where the Rothschilds have no major operations now. Buying into American businesses has become attractive for more and more foreign firms because they can pick up bargains by paying in undervalued dollars still available in huge amounts around Europe. Moreover, foreigners correctly judge the U.S. to be recovering from world recession faster than other industrial nations.

During the past year or so, such well-known U.S. firms as Bantam Books, ESB Inc., formerly Electric Storage Battery, and Magnavox have been bought out by foreign companies. But the juiciest attraction could be Copperweld. Largely because of successful manage-

ment efforts to diversify its line of alloyed steels and specialty tubing used in construction, the company has been consistently profitable. Despite the recession, Copperweld sales in the first half of 1975 climbed to \$162.5 million from \$150.6 million a year earlier. Profits jumped from \$6.2 million to a record \$8 million. Copperweld is particularly vulnerable to raiders because its management controls a mere 1% of the stock.

In its efforts to thwart Imetal, Copperweld has rallied impressive support—with the help of its image maker, Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Pittsburgh's biggest public relations firm. Hundreds of Copperweld's 4,300 employees have ridden buses into Washington and Manhattan to picket against the takeover, urged on by United Steelworkers President I.W. Abel. Republican Senators Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania and Robert Taft of Ohio, where Copperweld operates two plants, have issued statements supporting the Pittsburgh firm. Pennsylvania Governor Milton J. Shapp sent a wire to Smith stating his belief that Imetal wants Copperweld "as a source of cash only and has no intention of reinvesting profits in the U.S." Pennsylvania Congressman John Dent recently held hearings in the Pittsburgh suburb of Glassport to enable Copperweld workers and suppliers, many in hard hats and work shoes, to air arguments against the takeover.

Fresh Doubts. The battle in Pittsburgh is unlikely to give pause to the growing number of American empire builders who are trying to take over corporations by tender offers. But it is certain to raise fresh doubts for many foreign businessmen, especially those in the newly rich Arab states, which have only just begun to seriously consider long-term investments in U.S. industry. And that is not likely to please Administration economists, who are looking for an infusion of foreign capital to help the nation's balance of payments.

Inflation Slowdown

One of the most worrisome threats to the budding economic recovery—and to U.S. living standards—was the sudden resurgence of double-digit inflation in June and July. Last week, though, the Labor Department had some good news for Americans. It reported that the rise in the Consumer Price Index slowed radically to an annual rate of 2.4% in August, from 15.4% the previous month. Retail food prices, which had shot up in early summer, did not rise at all in August. The purchasing power of the average worker's paycheck was 1.1% higher than in August 1974, marking the first time that real spendable income exceeded a year-earlier figure since February 1973.

Unfortunately, the extra-slow pace

MARKETING

Bucks From The Bicentennial

Paul Revere these days gallops onto New York TV screens crying breathlessly: "Independence is here! Independence is here!" His message: the South Brooklyn Savings Bank has changed its name to the Independence Savings Bank. He might as well be raising the alarm that from now until July 4, 1976, and no doubt beyond, the American consumer will be assailed by an army of business mercenaries out to make money from patriotic fervor.

Like a sudden swarm of 200-year locusts, commemorative kitsch is appearing everywhere: plates, mugs and glasses decal-ed with an eagle or the likeness of George Washington or John Adams or the flag or Archibald Willard's familiar Revolutionary life-and-drum trio.* Businessmen are offering patriotic yo-yos, ties, music boxes, telephones, costumes, clocks, T-shirts and egg timers. Even foreigners are getting in on the act. Many inexpensive Bicentennial items—though the ads, of course, never say so—are made in Taiwan or Japan. British Airways advertises: "You gave us the business 200 years ago, America. Here's hoping you'll do it again."

Going Zowiee. So far, the horde of promotions has drawn a beneficent nod from the guardians of tradition. "I see no harm in these Bicentennial products," says Robert Williams, executive secretary of the New York chapter of the Sons of the Revolution. "There's nothing wrong with making a buck. Free enterprise is the thing that has made this country go zowiee." Another reason some approve: makers of souvenirs that

*Itself a reminder of earlier commercial exploitation, Willard's work, painted for the 1876 centennial, is said to have made a fortune for artist Dealer J. F. Ryder, who sold reproductions.

of August price boosts is no more likely to continue than was the earlier super-rapid rate; both were distorted by the erratic timing of food-price movements. Nonfood portions of the CPI are still rising at an annual rate of 6% to 7%, indicating that the underlying rate of inflation has not changed much. In September the index as a whole is likely to rise more than in August, though scarcely back to the double-digit range. At the least, though, the August figures give weight to the Ford Administration's argument that the scary inflation pace of early summer was an aberration, and might calm nervous consumers and investors. Indeed, the stock market, after falling to 795 on the Dow Jones industrial average—close to its summer low—rallied late last week to end Friday at 830.

meet the modest standards of the Government's American Revolution Bicentennial Administration pay royalties for the use of ARBA's imprimatur, and those fees—4% to 15% of sales—have so far earned the Government \$700,000 to help finance such projects as a coast-to-coast bicycle trail and ten massive abstract sculptures to be constructed along Interstate 80 in Nebraska.

Free Decals. There are also, of course, Bicentennial promotions run by companies that figure to gain nothing more than good will. Philadelphia's Olney Federal Savings & Loan is running a series of ads honoring Revolutionary women. Chase Manhattan Bank has put up \$100,000 to help finance an exhibit called "200 Years of American Sculpture" that will open at New York's Whitney Museum next March. IBM has offered \$500,000 to help pay for a multimedia exhibit, "The World of Franklin and Jefferson," that is now touring Europe. But these projects are vastly outnumbered by the kind described by Robert Freedman, president of Streisand, Zuch & Freedman, a New York ad agency. Says he: "I don't know how many clients have called and said, 'O.K., come up with a Bicentennial promotion,' when they have nothing to do with the Bicentennial and are just trying to sell more."

Some examples of thoroughly commercial promotions: Rich Products Corp., maker of Coffee Rich, offers a "Bicentennial Kit" ("It includes an actual copy of the Declaration of Independence...") in an ad headlined "Coffee Rich started a revolution in good taste." D-CON insecticide offers six free flag decals or, for \$2, a Bicentennial T shirt. Its ad concludes: "So get a little American history free from D-con, the people who are helping to free America from bugs." Nabisco offers grocers a cardboard kit that unfolds into a display stand—for Nabisco items—stamped "1776 Bicentennial 1976." The kit is called, appropriately, "Profit-Builder No. 1-W." Baskin-Robbins sells "Red, White & Blueberry" ice cream cones; a Boston massage parlor offers a Bicentennial special (the regular—er, services for a 10% discount); and Toy-Tex Novelty Co. provides Bicentennial litter bags with Betsy Ross's flag stamped on them.

Many Bicentennial promotions are having early success. "Anything under \$5 sells like crazy," says Jamie Goodchild, proprietor of Heritage Shop in Boston's historic Faneuil Hall. He stocks inexpensive "antique" flasks, walking sticks and life-and-drum records along with quality pewter. But there are doubts over all the Bicentennial schlock.

"Ninety percent of the stuff on the market is junk; it is all hoopla," says Don Donohue, sales representative for Arkansas-based Daisy toys, whose own "flintlock" rifle promotion is not living up to expectations—perhaps because of proliferation of Bicentennial products. Doubtless anticipating such a reaction,

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

Crestline, a well-established maker of colonial furniture, has come out with what might be called an anti-Bicentennial ad. Beneath a photo of the familiar life-and-drum trio marching off into the mist with backs turned to the camera, the ad asserts: "Soon 1976 will be gone, along with the bicentennial. All the hooplas will be over. And all the guys who made a fast buck in Early American furniture will be looking for something new. And so it goes. Except that there will still be one company..."



We'll take good care of you to Britain & Europe. The World.

FOREIGN AIRLINE'S PLEA FOR U.S. BUSINESS



PATRIOTIC TELEPHONE & DECORATED MUSIC BOXES



GOVERNMENT

Conflict of Goals

Whatever happens to prices in the rest of the economy, postal rates seem to do nothing but zoom. Last week the financially troubled U.S. Postal Service formally applied to the Postal Rate Commission for a 26% across-the-board boost in rates. Though the commission will spend a year considering the proposal, the service will be allowed to lift rates on a "temporary" basis shortly after Christmas. The Postal Service noted that it is currently losing \$2.6 billion a year, and even after the next increase it will lose "hundreds of millions of dollars" this fiscal year, which began July 1. Altogether, the new rate hikes will swell revenues by \$2.4 billion a year.

Under the proposed increase, the cost of mailing a first-class letter weighing up to 1 oz. would, as expected, rise from 10¢ to 13¢; each additional ounce would cost 11¢. The lowly post card would go up from 7¢ to 10¢. Under the new schedule, the cost of second-class mail used to ship newspapers and magazines will go up 22.1%. That jump comes on top of other second-class rate rises totaling 127% since 1971—and poses an economic threat for many publications. Third-rate bulk mail, under the new rate schedule, will climb 23.9%, and parcel post, 10.1%.

Large Subsidy. According to many experts, the Postal Service's chronic financial squeeze stems from a conflict of goals. Under the Postal Reorganization Act of 1970, the U.S.P.S. must operate as a public service, so postal authorities regard themselves as being obliged to continue performing many

uneconomic operations, such as delivering mail door-to-door instead of at a central pickup point. Yet the law also insists that the Postal Service attempt to be self-supporting. Postmaster General Benjamin F. Bailar is urging Congress to undertake a study to determine whether the U.S.P.S. needs an increase in the \$920 million federal subsidy it now gets, the so-called public service payment. To hold down deficits and head off rate increases in the years ahead, Bailar also wants Congress to double the present subsidy during the two or three years that such a complicated study of the Postal Service is likely to take.

Union Threat. Meanwhile Bailar is working to cut the Postal Service's costs and improve efficiency. In Portland, Ore., a program to reduce wasted costs and effort by ensuring that all carriers handle an equal amount of mail has been tried. The powerful 245,000-member National Association of Letter Carriers is likely to fight Bailar's proposal on the ground that it is an illicit speedup. Bailar also plans to hold down new hiring by exercising more vigorously the Postal Service's right to move workers from one job to another.

Finally, postal authorities also will study ways to reduce the number of small post offices by combining districts where feasible. Only recently, the General Services Administration, Congress's financial watchdog, reported that up to 12,000 of the nation's 31,000 post offices could be eliminated at a saving of \$100 million a year, with practically no loss in efficiency. Yet considering the demands made upon the nation's Postal Service, it may well be unrealistic to expect that even with improved efficiency it can ever be truly self-supporting.



SHIMON PERES IN COCKPIT OF F-16

WEAPONS

Armaments Arcade

There were hospitality suites, mammoth displays, scurrying salesmen in double-knit suits and white shoes, lissome models in hot pants and boots—all the personnel and paraphernalia used every day at U.S. trade shows. Only the merchandise was hardly everyday at the 29th annual Air Force Association Convention in Washington last week. Its purpose was to allow weapons manufacturers to display their wares to Pentagon brass hats, who buy, and Congressmen, who vote to pay the bills. The result was a blend of bombs and blinking lights, where some of the most deadly armaments were packaged and promoted, in the words of one host, as though they were "toothpaste and tie clips." The report of TIME Defense Correspondent Joseph Kane:

To give the event a patriotic motif, great swatches of red, white and blue carpeting were laid over the tiled floor in the huge basement of the Sheraton-Park Hotel. Gleaming like a Cartier jewel, a scale model of a General Dynamics F-16 jet fighter slowly revolved on a glass-enclosed turntable; beneath its wings rested such accessories as Walleye and Sidewinder missiles, tubular pods of radar equipment and bomb clusters.

On "Salute to Congress" night, more than 100 Senators and Representatives, many accompanied by their wives, joined Air Force generals, who clustered around do-it-yourself exhibits. If a visitor filled out an AVCO Corp. card and diligently watched a slide program on strategic systems, he got a chance to win a set of matching luggage. Teledyne held a raffle to attract passers-by who might somehow have missed a leggy model dressed in short shorts of Air Force blue and a clinging blouse topped by five stars on each exquisite shoulder.

Strollers wandered into a Fairchild Industries mini-theater to see an eight-minute movie *The Hammer*, which showed the firm's weapons-laden A-10 tactical-support aircraft in action. Usherettes passed out buttons proclaiming A-10 PILOTS DO IT BETTER WITH A BIGGER GUN. At the Pratt & Whitney booth, S.R.O. crowds gathered to watch Ma-

Reply to Imports?

In Washington last week, General Motors unveiled the U.S. auto industry's newest challenge to fast-selling imports. GM's new minicar: the Chevette, a stripped-down, two-door hatchback driven by a four-cylinder engine and sticker-priced at \$2,899 (a model with a back seat costs \$3,098). According to GM, soon-to-be-released Environmental Protection Agency figures will show that the Chevette gets 28 to 30 miles

per gallon in city driving and 39 to 40 m.p.g. on the highway.

GM clearly chose Washington for the unveiling to impress Government policymakers. They have doubted that Detroit could respond quickly to public clamor for low-cost transportation, but the Chevette was rushed into production in just 18 months. It will go on sale next month, with the initial marketing effort in cities that have been strongholds for Datsun (now the No. 1 selling import) and Volkswagen. GM's main target city: Los Angeles, where 49% of all new cars sold in August were built overseas. During the next twelve months, GM hopes to sell about 275,000 Chevettes, enough to help reduce imports' share of the U.S. market 5% to around 15%.

But Chevette's competition will not come only from imports. Last week Ford announced the Pinto Pony MPG, sticker-priced at \$2,895, \$4 below the Chevette and now lower than any other U.S.-built car. In an obvious slap at GM, Ford President Lee Iacocca added, "The back seat comes at no extra charge."

GENERAL MOTORS' NEW CHEVETTE





DICK RYAN/ABC

MODEL HANDING OUT PARTY INVITATIONS
A blend of bombs and blinking lights.

gician Dick Ryan perform feats of prestidigitation while standing next to an F-100 engine built for the Air Force's hot new F-15 fighter. Up popped three red balls in Ryan's hand to symbolize the company's "quality, dependability and service." To conclude his act, Ryan pulled off a card trick that left the eight of hearts stuck to his forehead. "Pratt & Whitney has the answers on the top of its head," said Ryan.

General Dynamics attracted the real pros: Senators Strom Thurmond and Howard Cannon and Israeli Defense Minister Shimon Peres, who may have about \$2 billion in aid to spend on weapons if Congress approves the Israeli-Egyptian accord. They climbed into a mock-up cockpit of the F-16 fighter and were briefed on a computerized projection device.

Electronic Success. Martin Marietta gave its guests a chance to feel what it would be like to drop a bomb on a site in Western Europe that had been captured by the Russians. Delighted visitors and their wives clambered into the white cockpit of a mock-up fighter to peer down at a model of hilly terrain. Then Salesman Ron Turner started a mechanism that made the cockpit lurch gently while the "pilot" tried to keep two sets of cross hairs focused on a bridge. With the help of Martin Marietta's sophisticated electronics, everyone succeeded.

No one spoiled the festive mood by pointing out that the object of the products was to kill people. At the Martin Marietta exhibit, no one mentioned "bombs"; visitors were told to turn on the "green light." Nor did the exhibitors make any excuses for their show biz techniques. Said Frederick C. Polhemus Jr., marketing manager of Tele-dyne CAE: "The girl may be the reason people stop in here, but then we have qualified engineers to talk about our engines. A lot of this is keeping up with the Joneses, but it is a tasteful show."

Will you sponsor a child like Raimundo?

Raimundo lives in Brazil and was eight years old when we took his picture. His home is a two room shack made of mud and sticks. He shares the house with his mother, a grandmother, two brothers and three sisters.

His father has left the family and can contribute only pennies a day to help support the children. Raimundo's mother is unskilled and must take in washing to earn a little money to help care for her youngsters.

A shy but affectionate little boy, Raimundo is unusual since only he and two other children in the family are interested in school. But Raimundo *wants* to learn and all he needs is a chance—help with textbooks, suitable clothing, school fees—more nourishing food—medical care...

And Raimundo's CCF sponsor is helping give him that chance—an opportunity to grow up a useful member of his society. Without aid, Raimundo and others like him probably would repeat family life patterns of poverty and ignorance.

Won't you help... and sponsor a youngster like Raimundo? It costs only \$15 a month—that works out to about 50¢ a day—a small amount even today! But when it is used to help a deserving child who needs a chance, 50¢ a day can buy a lot.

Just fill in the coupon at the bottom of the page, indicating the sex and country of the child you'd like to sponsor. Send it to us along with your first monthly payment of \$15.

Then, in about two weeks, you'll receive a Personal Sponsor Folder of the child assigned to you, with the child's photo, name and mailing address, so you can exchange correspondence. You will also receive instructions on how to write your sponsored child, as well as a description of the project where the youngster is assisted.

Please, let today be the day you begin to develop a person-to-person relationship with a child who needs your love. Thanks so much.

Sponsors urgently needed in Brazil, India, Guatemala, Indonesia, Kenya and Thailand.



Christian Children's Fund will send you our current financial statement upon your request. Your gifts are tax deductible.

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CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261
I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay \$15 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____. Send me child's name, mailing address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

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Member of International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto, 7. T13990



A MISTRESS (ANNA DOUKING) IS DISPATCHED IN CLAUDE CHABROL'S NIGHTFALL

CINEMA

Forgiveness of Sins

JUST BEFORE NIGHTFALL

Directed and Written by CLAUDE CHABROL

Forgiveness is almost a matter of etiquette, bestowed casually among members of polite society.

Absolution, even for murder, is easy; it is practically a social grace.

Feeling guilty is a *faux pas*, like hiring the wrong decorator or choosing an inappropriate wine for dinner.

This is the upper middle class of French society, portrayed here by Claude Chabrol with harrowing humor, and its overriding principle is that no shock waves are tolerated. *Just Before Nightfall*, an intelligent and wholly unsparring dark comedy, concerns an advertising executive named Charles (Michel Bouquet) who murders his mistress. Charles discovers—as did Hickey, under rather more intense circumstances in O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*—that what is insupportable is the weight of pardon.

Act of Passion. Charles has made the mistake of committing a crime in a milieu where nothing much matters. He himself remains largely dead to the world, so that when he strangles his mistress (Anna Douking) during a bizarre sex game it is difficult initially to determine whether the killing was an accident or an unaccustomed act of passion. He is rather gloomy afterward, as his best friend François (François Perier) duly notes. But Charles barely manages a look of concern when François hears that his wife has met with an "accident." It is François's wife who was Charles' mistress. Charles sits uneasily

at home, toying with his dinner, forcing himself to eat dessert and play a game of Scrabble with his wife and children. He even has to take several drops of laudanum to sleep.

The seriousness of his situation rests with ever-increasing firmness on Charles' modishly tailored shoulders. On the way to his dead mistress's funeral, he silently mouths a confession in the back seat of a car. A police inspector confides to him that the murder may never be solved. With mounting distress, Charles tells his wife (Stéphane Audran) about his affair and the killing. She considers these revelations and is understanding. He tells his friend François, who is forgiving too. "No one," François explains, "is guilty of what happens in a nightmare." After all this, Charles can turn only to the police. It would not be fair to the pitiless symmetry Chabrol has established to reveal what happens after this point, but the film ends with a fine, fierce flourish.

Just Before Nightfall is among the very best of Chabrol's movies. It is cunning and deadly, made with a measured simplicity of style which suits the ruefully ironic rigors of the theme. Attempts to delineate a sort of arctic moral climate, to deal with shallow people and the deadness of lives, frequently end up either being superficial themselves or strangling on their own rage. Chabrol's particular achievement here is his ability to keep his distance and still preserve his passion.

Jay Cocks

When Claude Chabrol himself was young—not even 20—he weighed the stuff of life and death in his hands (healing potion or deadly poison?) and cared

little for the difference. So four times in a row he flunked his elementary pharmacy course, and his druggist father agreed Claude might as well go into the movies. At 45, Chabrol still cannot decide on the difference. He seeks neither villains nor heroes, and even suggests they may be interchangeable.

"I ask audiences to contemplate a character, not identify with him," Chabrol comments. His striving to keep the audience at a safe, almost dispassionate remove from the action is directly contrary to the methods of a film maker with whom he is frequently compared, Alfred Hitchcock. Chabrol admires Hitchcock (and with fellow Director Eric Rohmer once wrote a book about him) but insists that similarities in their work go little farther than the large number of corpses littered across the screen. A more significant influence was Fritz Lang (*M*), whose elaborate, often carboic melodramas taught Chabrol "not to identify."

Cool Wit. Besides giving his best movies a sort of cool inextorability, Chabrol's characteristic distance allows his wit to stand clear. The director discusses matters of homicidal compulsion with the casual, slightly mock sophistication of a practiced host planning a party. "Crime in film adds a little spice," Chabrol confides. "It makes the audience feel they haven't entirely wasted their evening. I love seeing blood in films. I detest petty criminals, but what I love is razors cutting throats in an atmosphere *extrêmement distingué*."

Married for more than ten years to the elegant Stéphane Audran—leading lady in *Le Boucher*, *Les Biches*, and a great many of her husband's other films besides *Just Before Nightfall*—Chabrol has three sons, a three-floor town house in a Paris suburb and a still unfinished country home in the

CHABROL & WIFE STÉPHANE AUDRAN



CINEMA

south of France, as well as an unabashed attachment to the hearty pleasures of bourgeois life. He is a gourmand, readily admits to drinking excessively, and confesses a connoisseur's appreciation of comely women. Even so, he insists that he remains "resolutely monogamous. Perhaps it is conventional, but that's the way it is."

This energetic commitment to the good life has fueled Chabrol's exploration of the hypocritical perimeters of class morality. "What I am trying to show is that there are no laws, no rules," he claims. "If you say murder is bad, I say don't be sure. If you say a person is a monster, I say don't count on it." Many of his movies tend to be of a piece, like a jigsaw recut to fit different ways and work in various combinations. Chabrol considers *Just Before Nightfall* (made in 1971) to be a companion piece to *La Femme Infidèle* (1969) in which the wife cheats on her husband. Only their crimes have been inverted, turned inside out, "like shuffling cards," as the director says.

Of Chabrol's nearly 30 movies, most were dealt from the same deck. He is now thinking of moving on and enlarging his scale. His next project, tentatively titled *The St. Petersburg-Cannes Express* and starring Julie Christie, will take him back to the *Belle Epoque* and matters of radical politics. Criminality among the middle classes will be forsaken. Says Chabrol: "There's not much more to say about it, is there?" It is a statement he makes with an air of personal pride.

Empty Vehicle

THREE DAYS OF THE CONDOR
Directed by SYDNEY POLLACK
Screenplay by LORENZO SEMPLE JR.
and DAVID RAYFEL

A piece of dotty, slightly paranoid intrigue, *Three Days of the Condor* promises little and keeps its word. It is hard to get indignant about it, or enthusiastic either. There is no clear compliment the movie can be paid without an immediate qualification: it is smooth but forgettable, bearable but brainless. The film has nothing novel to say and nothing to offer except Robert Redford. But the way things work in Hollywood these days, Redford is enough.

Three Days of the Condor should be considered not so much as a movie as what Hollywood calls a project. Based on a least-selling novel called *Six Days of the Condor*, by James Grady, such a project is conceived and comes into being only because Redford agrees to show up in it. Redford is a good, shrewd, sometimes very funny actor, but the fact that movies like *Three Days of the Condor* are not really worth making at all is a thought that occurs to no one. Neither Redford, Director Sydney Pollack (*The Way We Were*) nor any of the assortment of assembled co-stars

Presenting Long Johns for both sexes.

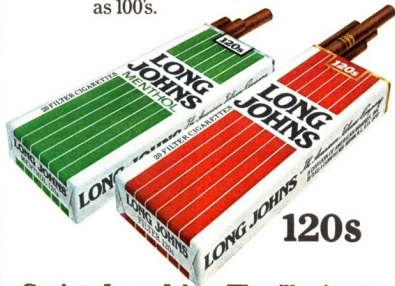
If you think that 120 mm is too far for flavor to travel in a cigarette, Long Johns will change your mind.

Light one up. Ahhh, love at first puff.

And there are plenty of extra puffs where that came from.

Extra puffs.

But, the same price as 100's.



Get into Long Johns. They'll suit you.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 20 mg. "tar", 1.7 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 19 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

CINEMA

(Faye Dunaway, Cliff Robertson, Max von Sydow, John Houseman) can make material like this better than passable. No one could, and you wonder why anyone bothers. Redford and all his co-stars and all the elaborate production details are aimless embellishment, like putting neon lighting around a void.

All these melancholy thoughts occur during *Condor* because there is little else to think about. Everything in the movie is familiar. Redford appears as Turner, a blithe, intelligent functionary in an unimportant CIA office in New York. He finds all his co-workers slaughtered one day. Figuring that he is next on the list for removal, he takes it on the lam. Turner calls into headquarters for help, but it seems that



ROBERT REDFORD IN *CONDOR*
Neon around the void.

headquarters wants to kill him too. Everyone wants to kill him, except the melancholy, liquid-eyed Kathy (Faye Dunaway). Redford rewards her by commandeering her car and apartment, tying her to the toilet. He makes it all up to her (presumably) by making love to her, an occasion for which he releases her from bondage.

After this requisite romantic interlude, Redford goes on the run again, trying to sort the good guys from the bad. The movie is predictable enough to pass as a game of fill-in-the-blanks; audiences could be invited to contribute their own gimmicks. *Condor* is so pat, however, that no matter what extravagances of plot were supplied, everything would still come out the same way in the end: empty.

J.C.

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Los Angeles	7:40 am 1:30 pm	4:10 pm 7:50 pm	First flight out Offers Honolulu Stopover
San Francisco	10:00 am	4:10 pm	Offers Honolulu Stopover
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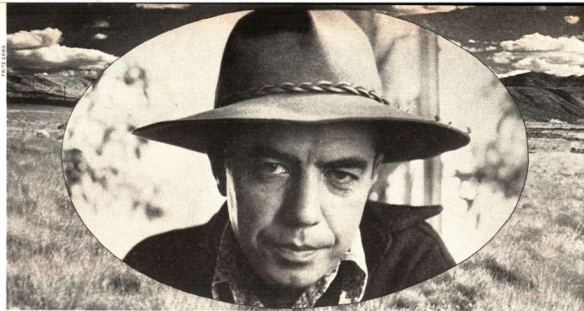
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NOVELIST LARRY WOIWODE AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF MIDWESTERN PRAIRIE

THOMAS YICOR

BOOKS

Still Lives

BEYOND THE BEDROOM WALL

by LARRY WOIWODE

619 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.
\$12.95.

Near the beginning of this great Midwestern journey, Charles Neumiller supervises the home burial of his father Otto, a German Catholic immigrant who had carved an honest farm out of the unyielding North Dakota plains. Near the end, Charles himself dies and is mourned by new generations of Neumillers. Between these obligatory landmarks, Charles' son Martin marries, raises a family of five reasonably normal children, moves from North Dakota to Illinois and loses his wife to uremia. That is, in effect, the whole story. The plot of *Beyond the Bedroom Wall* could easily fit into half a nutshell.

Humble Detritus. But incident is the least of Author Woiwode's concerns. He subtitles this novel *A Family Chronicle*, and the description is apt. The book's rhythm is not that of cinema but of still life. Woiwode scatters memorabilia of the Neumiller clan through 44 separate stories, some of which have appeared alone in such dissimilar magazines as *The New Yorker* and *Mademoiselle*. Most of the tales are inventories of nostalgia—the humble detritus of people who, in George Eliot's phrase, "lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs." With rare patience and self-evident love, Woiwode commemorates the commonplace.

At his frequent best, he makes it glow. *Beyond the Bedroom Wall* is a collage of preserved sensations: the

"bleached, bleak infinity" of mid-America, where afternoon light fades "as though tilting over in the air toward the sun, which then draws it forward and out"; a crystalline day of fishing on a Minnesota lake; brave old houses that shudder at North Dakota blizzards but withstand them. As fondly as an old-timer, Woiwode, 33, compares the merits of long-forgotten tractor brands (the Hart Parr, Waterloo Boy, Rumley Oil Pull) and stocks a winter larder as it was in the days before home freezers: "The potato bin was full. There were parsnips, kohlrabi, turnips and rutabagas, all dipped in paraffin to preserve them, in other bins, and carrots buried under sand."

Woiwode's polished images evoke whole landscapes and interiors. But on occasion they leave his characters as rigid as snapshots. Like the subjects of most candid portraits, the Neumillers sometimes appear querulous and unfocused, refugees wrenched by the camera from the context of their lives. The stop-and-start chapters abort their growth and development; some family members are simply dropped or disappear inexplicably for hundreds of pages. Though they struggle with life's standard challenges and disappointments, the stolid Neumillers are rarely compelling enough to carry the massive burden of their saga.

Yet even without cohesive drama or great characters, *Beyond the Bedroom Wall* demonstrates a fine talent for description, coupled with a Proustian ability to re-create the past. Much of Woiwode's fiction seems knit from the strands of his own life. Like the fourth generation of Neumiller children, the Manhattan-based Woiwode was born in

North Dakota and spent part of his childhood in rural Illinois. After graduating from the University of Illinois in 1964, he began selling articles and short stories to magazines. His first novel, *What I'm Going to Do, I Think* (1969) was an eerie portrait of modern marriage and its betrayals. (It was, perhaps, a pre-echo of his pending divorce.) The book won wide praise and whetted critical interest in this second work, which has been appearing in snippets for nearly ten years. If the fully assembled fiction is not the magnum opus that some had anticipated, its local colors and indelible miniatures more than justify a long autumn's read.

Paul Gray

Wild Man

AUGUSTUS JOHN

by MICHAEL HOLROYD

676 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.
\$17.95.

"Augustus Caesar," so the poet said, "Shall be regarded as a present god By Britain, made to kiss the Roman's rod."

Augustus Caesar long ago is dead, But still the good work's being carried on:

We lick the brushes of Augustus John.

With this unusual mordancy, *Punch* in 1929 summed up the reputation of the most famous artist in England. John was then 51, and he had been a public figure since the turn of the century; he would continue to be one, through progressive embalmings as a Grand Old Man, for another 30 years. Nearly 6 ft. tall, bearded like the pard, and booming like a bitter, much given to fancy dress—cloaks, Carlyle-size black hats, gold earrings—he boozed and philandered his way through every level of English society. He was a licensed vertical invader, conspicuous even in the

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Age 60	7,500	2,052	9,552	15,910

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"I'm talking about jobs.



I'm talking about food on the table and goods in the store.

I'm talking about a dynamic economy that'll bring a new prosperity to this land."

These excerpts were taken from a talk by Lewis W. Foy, Chairman, Bethlehem Steel, at the Downtown Rotary Club, Washington, D.C., July 23, 1975. If you would like a copy of his entire talk (A Progressive Program for "A Backward Nation"), fill in and mail the coupon at right.

"I'd like to set the stage by telling you about 'a backward nation.'

I'm talking about a nation that's been 'backward' in terms of economic growth. Over a long period of years that particular nation had an average economic growth rate of only four percent a year—less than half the growth rate in Japan, and seventeenth among twenty leading industrial nations.

Seventeen out of twenty in economic growth? I say that's 'backward.'

I'm talking about a nation with lagging capital investment . . . lagging economic growth . . . lagging plant modernization . . . and lagging productivity gains . . . and I say that's a pretty fair description of a 'backward nation'—a nation that's falling behind.

Well, I guess you know what country I'm talking about. It's our country, the U.S.A.

Of course we're still an economic powerhouse. Of course we still have a sizeable lead over most other countries in a lot of respects, but we're losing our lead, and *fast*. Relative to the other major industrial nations, we're moving *backward*.

Why? Because too small a share of the nation's output is being allocated to investment. We simply aren't plowing enough of our resources back into productive enterprise, into the engines of growth and progress.

Where will new jobs come from?

About a million-and-a-half people will be entering the private labor force every year between now and 1980, and we want to make sure there are jobs for them, and I mean good jobs. But the average investment to create just a single new job opportunity is rising all the time. It's about \$25,000 now, and it'll be close to \$35,000 by 1980.

You might think about that for a moment: \$52½ billion in the year 1980, just to create enough new job opportunities for the people coming into the labor force that year.

We won't get the economy back into gear unless and until the private sector can generate the capital funds needed for modernization and growth. In the case of my own industry, that's something in the order of \$5 billion a year.

Corporate profits can't generate that kind of money, not the way things have been going.

The equity route is at a dead end these days, and there are limitations to further borrowings. Even if corporate debt weren't at record heights, there's the crowding-out effect of massive borrowing to cover oversized Federal deficits.

Where's that private investment capital coming from? How in the world is our 'backward' nation going to get moving forward again?

In my opinion there's no way to do it without an enlightened and coherent Federal income tax program.

A progressive program

I want to urge just five tax-related measures that are needed by companies like mine, and industries like the steel industry, and manufacturing and mining industries in general. To my way of thinking, these five measures are rock-bottom requirements.

First, I urge Congress to enact a realistic, effective capital recovery system.

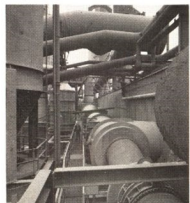
The guts of this system has to be *full and fast* recovery of expenditures for plant and equipment. Under the present depreciation system, we don't recover our investment

fast enough to plow it back into more capital spending when, as today, funds for capital spending are in short supply and badly needed.

And cost inflation makes matters a lot worse. Our original cost basis gets more ridiculous every year that replacement costs spiral upward. The longer the period for depreciation, the less we recover of the real costs of replacing our old equipment with equivalent modern equipment.

Second, what I've said about capital recovery goes double for the capital we're putting into pollution-abatement facilities.

Those facilities rarely produce a cent of income. In fact, they incur heavy operating costs year after year. In such cases the usual rationale for depreciation—recovering the expenditures out of earnings—makes no sense at all. *There aren't any earnings!*



In the past 5 years alone, Bethlehem has spent about \$130 million for environmental protection and pollution control equipment. We expect to spend more than \$600 million for such equipment during the next 5 years.

So, I recommend—I *urge*—that outlets for pollution control may be written off *immediately*, in the year the costs are incurred, or over any period that the taxpayer elects.

My *third recommendation* is this: Let's stop playing games with the investment tax credit. The Tax Reduction Act of 1975 took a step in the right direction, but it's only a single step.

At last Congress acknowledged what we've known for a long time, that the tax credit pays off in more investment. So far so good. Raising it from seven to ten percent was a sensible move, but limiting the increase to two years wasn't.

The business community needs *certainty* in order to plan ahead, and we need more than two years for long-range financial planning.

Let's boost the tax credit to 12 percent. And let's make it *permanent*.

That would be another powerful shot-in-the-arm for economic growth and job formation, and it would lay the basis for increased future tax revenues.

Fourth, let's do something about double taxation of corporate profits. I mean taxing income when earned by the corporation and again when it's received by shareholders in the form of dividends.

Most other industrial nations have systems that provide relief from double taxation, and I think that's the way we ought to go. In the long run it'd help open up the possibility of more capital formation through sales of new issues of corporate stock.

My *fifth and final recommendation* has to do with natural resources—mining and energy production.

I'm not suggesting anything new. All I want to do is urge the continuation of the existing tax provisions—notably, percentage depletion. It's terribly important to the extractive industries. It's been a helpful feature of the tax code for more than forty years, ever since 1932.

Today, when the national well-being requires the greatest possible assurance of ample mineral raw



Bethlehem is a major participant in a joint venture for taconite development in Minnesota. The final tab is going to be about \$300 million, and that's a lot of capital right there.

materials and energy resources, we've got to encourage exploration, development, and production. This is expensive. It costs like sin. And it's just about the riskiest business going.

We've got to move forward

The immediate and long-lasting payoff from these tax-related measures will be nothing less than solid economic growth. And I'm not talking about benefits that, as some people say, would just 'trickle down' to all Americans.

I'm talking about jobs; I'm talking about food on the table and goods in the stores; I'm talking about a dynamic economy that'll build our strength in world markets and bring a new prosperity to this land and all its people.

This is worth fighting for, and I hope you'll join me in letting Congress know where we stand!"

Public Affairs Department, Room 476
Bethlehem Steel Corporation
Bethlehem, PA 18016

YES, send me a copy of Mr. Foy's talk, *A Progressive Program For "A Backward Nation."* (Reprint includes documentation that the U.S. is "backward" in terms of economic growth.)

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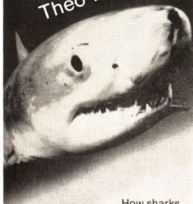
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SHARKS

THE SILENT SAVAGES
Theo W. Brown



How sharks behave, and how man might control them—this is the subject of a spell-binding new book by a veteran diver and researcher, "a rare man seeking to unravel and conquer a frightening corner of nature."—*Library Journal*.

"Having seen a friend killed by sharks in an inlet in Sydney, Australia, marine researcher Brown seeks to avert similar tragedies by setting down what is known about the sea's 'silent savages.' ... His descriptions of his experiments are vividly done. The photos are splendid."

—*Publishers Weekly*

Illustrated, \$7.95.
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PUBLISHERS



BOOKS

notable roster of Edwardian eccentrics that stretched from the Café Royal to Bloomsbury. There had of course been English bohemians before, but none had seemed so obstreperously life-enhancing as Augustus John. As Michael Holroyd observes in this superb biography, "In the public imagination he was to represent the Great Artist, the Great Lover, the Great Bohemian Enjoyer of Life. It was a cruelly ironic comment on his actual career, one which he did not accept himself but never effectively contradicted."

Sense of Balance. Eight years ago, with an imposing biography of Lytton Strachey, Holroyd (now 41) became one of our best guides to the cultural life of England in the early 20th century. No one of his generation has done more to clarify the achievements and emotional imbrications of the Bloomsbury group, or to deflate its more self-enchanted pieties. A great deal of the truth about a society lies in the lives of its minor artists. To write about them without falling into postures of condescension, gossip or overpraise is one of the toughest of all biographical feats. It requires a lack of sentiment, a close eye for social nuance and a sense of balance which not many biographers possess. Holroyd has it all, and Augustus John is his ideal quarry.

By today's standards of taste, John was certainly a minor artist. He sinned by missing the historical bus. The peculiar complexities, doubts and unfamiliarities of living in the 20th century had radically altered the historical sense of a whole generation of artists. Pound and Joyce no less than Picasso, Stravinsky or André Breton. John, however, continued to paint like a swashbuckling hedonist. His drawings of the figure had dash and virtuosity, even in his student years at the Slade School. He was, in the view of friends like Sir William Orpen, the inordinately successful painter, the best draftsman to work in England since Van Dyck. The last modern painter to affect John's work was Paul Gauguin, whose flat, hieratic patterning was echoed in decorative figure compositions. John's favorite subjects remained the two main women in his life, Ida the wife and Dorelia the patient mistress, posing among their hordes of children in long columnar skirts and peasant shawls beside Roman caravans. But the 20th century was for John merely the unfortunate bracket of time in which



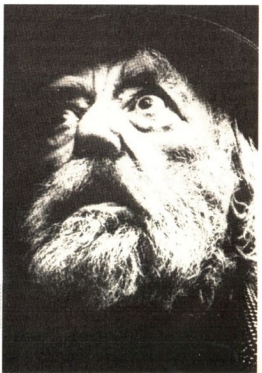
JOHN'S PORTRAIT OF DYLAN THOMAS (1936)

Booming like a bittern.

he happened to live. He shared neither its energies nor its Angst. He saw modernity as a threat, an encroachment of "terrible simplifiers" on the sturdy, randy freedom of the gypsy artist. "I feel myself personally outraged and assailed by a horrible and inhuman monster," he bemoaned in 1908, "a monster begotten by brute Stupidity upon terrified Ignorance, weaned in the lap of Hypocritical Conceit and sponsored by Vulgarly Triumphant—in other words the hideous Dragon of Democratic, Altruistic, Authoritative, Purblind, Pragmatical, Grandmotherly Legislative Force."

Of course, the English bourgeoisie loved him for that, and he went on to become the most successful portraitist in the nation, setting down the faces of his friends—poets from Yeats to Dylan Thomas, writers like Shaw, collectors like the flustered and bigoted American

JOHN SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH IN 1962



My son, the doctor's assistant, makes \$20,000.



Don't laugh. Your son, the doctor's assistant, has a lot better job prospects than your son, the bachelor of arts.

In today's job market, a liberal arts degree from a 4-year college doesn't cut much ice. Better your youngster should be getting out of a 2-year college or trade school with a specific skill. The jobs are plentiful. The money's good.

He or she could be a physician's assistant and earn up to \$20,000. Legal assistant—up to \$18,000. Medical lab technician—up to \$18,000. Computer technician—up to \$16,000. Or a commercial diver, fashion designer, flight controller, nurse, engineering technician...

Interested? Read *Who Doesn't Need a College Degree* in the September issue of Money Magazine. The story will open your eyes.

What are the specific prospects for which kinds of graduates? What are the alternatives to regular college? The answers could save your

children a lot of grief and you a lot of money. From \$11,000 to \$25,000 or more in college expenses!

Hard-headed? Sure. That's the Money idea.

Practical, hard-headed advice like this is what Money is all about. From first page to last, it's advice you can put to work right now—to save, invest, nurture, spend, and enjoy your money more wisely.

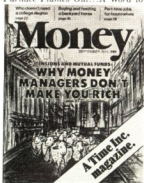
In times like these, more and more people are turning to Money because it's the most authoritative magazine of personal finance.

Proof? During the last two years, Money's had the fastest rate of growth of any major magazine. In fact, it's the one national magazine that actually doubled in circulation since the start of 1974.

How to live better.

To see how Money helps people live better, look at the rest of the Sep-

tember issue. There are our two late-closing newsletters on Wall Street and Washington. And stories like *Two Weeks in the Air for \$149*... *A New Way to Ride the Commodities Roller Coaster*... *Proving Up for a Backyard Horse*... *When Your Furnace Flames Out... A Word to*



the Wives About Part-Time Jobs. And special features on executive perks, the rising cost of "free" credit cards, inflation-busting items that haven't risen in price, a million-dollar insurance umbrella...

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Money's 2,400,000 readers* apply what they read to their daily lives. Why? Because they're economic activists who'd rather make their money do things than leave it under the mattress.

We're talking about plenty of money, too. The median household income of subscribers is \$24,340. Some 85% went to college; 73% are professionals or managers; 81% live in A and B markets; 77% own their own homes.

They add up to the smartest spenders in America—and the choicest prospects, too. Sure, the smart advertising money's going to Money Magazine.

It's the growth market of 1975.

No wonder Money is growing.

The Blackhawk in Chicago, unrivaled for over 50 years, has a rival. Another Blackhawk!



For over fifty years the Blackhawk has been a landmark in Chicago. A tradition.

And now, after over half a century, there's finally another restaurant that can rival the reputation of the original Blackhawk.

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Both have the inimitable Don Roth touch that made the Blackhawk famous for decades.

With the warm, intimate atmosphere and excellent menus associated with the legendary Blackhawk name.

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Don Roth's Blackhawk Restaurants in Chicago

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All evening parking \$1.00 after 5:00 p.m. at both locations.

Near North: On Pearson (at the Water Tower), 943-3300



The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.

BOOKS

John Quinn—with a picaresque dash which, in the celebrity portraiture of his later years, turned into a routine of dispiriting feebleness. Like John at his zenith, Holroyd creates a suite of sardonic and sympathetic verbal portraits. Between the figures flow the ingredients of that most difficult of works—the biography of a grandiose failure.

One could not ask for a better account of the mechanism whereby an artist who was not "modern" became the most publicized and controversial English painter of the years between 1900 and 1930. When such canonization by mass taste occurs (as it did, in a different way, to Picasso), one may be sure that some compensation is afoot. So it was with John. He was called into fame by England's own erosion. The imperturbable confidence of the English middle classes had been wrecked by the Great War; the edges of the Empire were flaking, and the bureaucrats closing in. A fantasy figure was needed. If John had been a homosexual like Wilde or Strachey, an intellectual like Roger Fry or a committed modernist like Wyndham Lewis, the public and the press would not have cleaved to him. But he was none of these things. He was a tumultuous and lovable Wild Man, who reminded the upper classes of their formerly unquestioned freedoms and gave the lower a fund of scandal. English prudence would destroy John Profumo's career, but it made Augustus John's small wonder that he ended up as Bacchus in the popular pantheon whose Apollo was Rupert Brooke.

Robert Hughes

Best Sellers

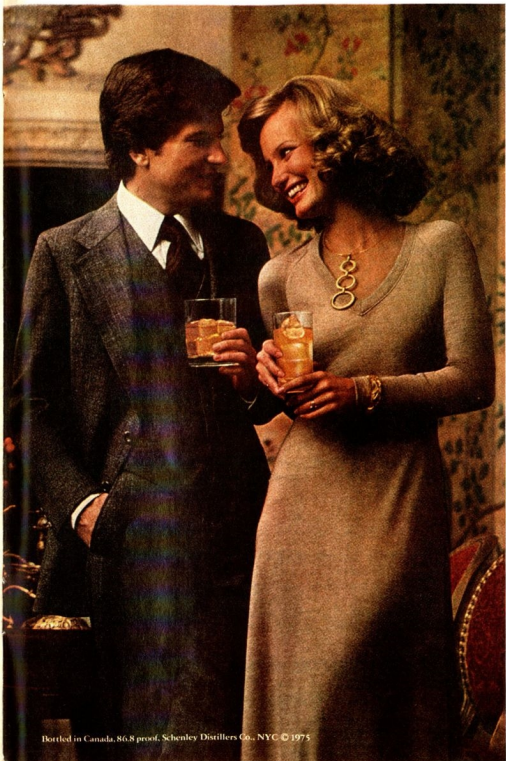
FICTION

- 1—*Ragtime, Daschlow* (1 last week)
- 2—*Looking for Mr. Goodbar, Rossner* (2)
- 3—*The Eagle Has Landed, Higgins* (6)
- 4—*The Great Train Robbery, Crichton* (4)
- 5—*The Moneychangers, Hailey* (3)
- 6—*Shogun, Clavell* (5)
- 7—*Humboldt's Gift, Bellow* (10)
- 8—*Circus, MacLean* (7)
- 9—*Cockpit, Kosinski* (9)
- 10—*Centennial, Michener* (8)

NONFICTION

- 1—*Sylvia Porter's Money Book, Porter* (1)
- 2—*Breach of Faith, White* (2)
- 3—*TM: Discovering Inner Energy and Overcoming Stress, Bloomfield, Cain & Jaffe* (3)
- 4—*Total Fitness, Morehouse & Gross* (4)
- 5—*Winning Through Intimidation, Ringer* (9)
- 6—*How the Good Guys Finally Won, Breslin* (6)
- 7—*CBS: Reflections in a Bloodshot Eye, Meltz* (7)
- 8—*Without Feathers, Allen* (5)
- 9—*The Ascent of Man, Bronowski* (10)
- 10—*Inside the Company: CIA Diary, Agee* (8)

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Aged 8 years

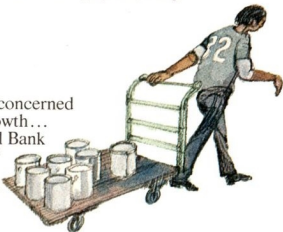


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JERSEY CITY—THE WORST?



PORTLAND, ORE.—THE BEST?

ENVIRONMENT

Ranking the Cities

Many an American will gladly argue deep into the night that his home town is the cleanest, liveliest, fastest-growing or simply just the best place to live. The talk is part of the national pastime of comparing anything from batting averages to the busts of beauty contestants. Now along comes the Midwest Research Institute, a Kansas City, Mo., think tank with an avalanche of facts, figures and judgments. Funded by a grant from the federal Environmental Protection Agency, MRI set out last year to measure the "quality of life" in the U.S.'s 243 official metropolitan areas, which range in size from New York (pop. 11.5 million) to Meriden, Conn. (pop. 56,000). Last weekend the results were published.

In taking on such an enormous and prickly task, the think tank's researchers knew they were rushing in where only local boosters would not fear to tread. Ah, but they had a computer. Into the electronic maw went 123 quantifiable variables in five broad areas: 1) environment, including indexes for air, water and noise pollution, climate and availability of recreation; 2) politics, which embraces the turnout of voters, number of newspapers and TV stations, and the performance of local government in fighting crime and getting federal aid; 3) economics, meaning everything from personal income per capita to unemployment rate to differences in income between center cities and suburbs; 4) health and education, including hospital occupancy and infant mortality rates, the percent of population enrolled

in schools, the number of non-high school graduates; and 5) a grab bag of 54 "social components" that included racial equality, housing conditions and cultural facilities. All these data together, the MRI team decided, "show both the concerns of the individual and the well-being of the community." Then the researchers pushed a button, sat back and waited for the print-outs.

Fascinating Findings. Below are the final returns on U.S. metropolitan areas with more than 500,000 inhabitants. The rankings (there are others for middle-sized and small cities) clearly reinforce the study's overall conclusion that those nice, comfortable Southern cities fare poorly in competition with their frenetic counterparts in the West, the North Central States and the Northeast. Indeed, only Birmingham, Ala., was rated "substandard" in all categories, while only Portland, Ore., came off with "outstanding" honors on all counts.

Because the box score is a weighted average of the 123 variables, it does not reflect some of the researchers' more fascinating findings. Some of the nation's most highly touted cities scored well in some categories, only to be dragged down by low marks in others. Proud Boston (No. 23) flunks its economic rating, for instance, while booming Atlanta ranks No. 45 because of poor ratings in every area but economics. Then there are a group of cities that are saved from much lower rankings by one strong point. For Washington (No. 20), it is health and education; for Miami (No. 47), a top-rated environment; for Omaha (No. 17), an "outstanding" social rating. As for Gerald Ford's home town of Grand Rapids, Mich. (No. 11), it gets its boost from a top political score.

Far from determining which is the best city, the MRI study promises to add fuel to the debate. The reason is that the computer's indexes measure statistical value rather than emotional appeal.

OUTSTANDING

1. Portland, Ore.*
2. Sacramento, Calif.
4. San Jose, Calif.
5. Minneapolis*
6. Rochester
7. Hartford, Conn.
8. Denver
9. San Francisco*
10. San Diego
11. Grand Rapids
12. Milwaukee
13. Salt Lake City

EXCELLENT

14. Anaheim, Calif.*
15. Buffalo
16. Oklahoma City
17. Omaha*
18. Albany, N.Y.*
19. Syracuse
20. Washington, D.C.*
21. Los Angeles*
22. Columbus
23. Boston
24. Cleveland
25. Toledo*

GOOD

26. San Bernardino, Calif.*
27. Houston
28. Phoenix
29. Akron
30. Cincinnati*
31. Honolulu
32. Dayton
33. New York
34. Dallas
35. Kansas City*
36. Indianapolis
37. Chicago

ADEQUATE

38. Newark, N.J.
39. Paterson, N.J.*
40. Springfield, Mass.*
41. Youngstown, Ohio*
42. Detroit
43. Richmond
44. Fort Worth
45. Atlanta
46. Fort Lauderdale, Fla.*
47. Miami
48. Nashville, Tenn.*
49. Pittsburgh
50. Allentown, Pa.*
51. St. Louis*
52. Gary, Ind.*
53. Louisville*
54. Providence*
55. Baltimore

SUBSTANDARD

56. Tampa, Fla.*
57. Philadelphia*
58. Memphis*
59. Norfolk*
60. Greensboro, N.C.*
61. Jacksonville
62. San Antonio
63. New Orleans
64. Birmingham
65. Jersey City

*Metropolitan areas that include more than one city or cross state lines.

ENVIRONMENT

Despite Buffalo's rank of No. 15, for example, most Americans are not likely to be extravagantly moved by the city's charms. But they will probably continue to cherish New Orleans for its fabulous zest and beauty—subjective qualities the researchers could not take into account in placing the old town near the bottom of the list.

Untangling Transportation

"I want to raise a debate," said William T. Coleman Jr. last week. The Secretary of Transportation may do just that. He sent Congress a 53-page *Statement of National Transportation Policy* to cut through the tangle of discriminatory laws and federal red tape that now help some U.S. carriers, but at the expense of others. Not concrete enough to be a true plan, the statement nevertheless lays out the broad principles that the Secretary believes will lead to "a more safe, efficient, diverse and competitive transportation system."

The chief recommendation is a fairer division of federal subsidies. Railroads, which now get little help, need more to modernize their tracks and equipment, Coleman says. However, he continues, some other forms of transportation need less. Barge companies, for instance, should start paying taxes for using federally maintained waterways, and truckers can afford to pay higher rates for the right to roll over the nation's subsidized highways.

Coleman also advocates reform of federal regulations, especially those for railroads and airlines. With less government interference, he says, those carriers could become financially healthier, set competitive fares more easily and reorganize themselves into profitable companies through mergers.

Car Curbs. Coleman recognizes that the private automobile "will continue to be the most universally accepted form of transportation in America." But it needs to be made safer, cleaner and less wasteful of energy. So the Transportation Secretary urges improved cars and local policies to encourage motorists to stay off the roads during rush hours. Better traffic management, car pooling and parking lots near mass transit lines can accomplish a lot.

While more mass transit is a must, the statement says, new rail transit lines are "appropriate" in only "a few highly populated metropolitan areas." Elsewhere, top priority should go to improving existing bus and subway service, even if the money has to come from funds earmarked for roads.

Many of Coleman's ideas are both obvious and familiar, and a few have been included in legislation already proposed by the Ford Administration. Whether Congress will approve them is moot, but Coleman's statement at least takes an important step toward establishing new priorities for a national transportation policy.

Due Bills

Searchlights swept the Manhattan sky above the old Ed Sullivan Theater on Manhattan's West Side. Autograph freaks gaped at a parade of celebrities. The atmosphere was as neon as a Hollywood premiere in the '20s. *Saturday Night Live with Howard Cosell*—the first live TV variety series since the *Ed Sullivan Show* rode out in March 1971—was under way. It lived up—and down—to expectations. Boone Arledge, the hard-driving Barnum of ABC Sports, who developed the latter-day vaudeville along with Cosell, had burred, "We want people to feel, 'Boy, I better not miss this tonight because Lord knows what will



NEW IMPRESARIO COSCELL AT WORK

happen."

But Cosell, master of ceremonies, treated the show as another episode of *N.F.L. Monday Night Football*. "Look," he said, shrugging, "this is not a meeting between Rabin and Sadat with world peace being in the balance."

This modest disclaimer was belied by the show's publicity and the ill wishes hurled at it by Cosell haters and rival NBC and CBS offices. The detractors could count on the fact that Cosell and ABC were running a high risk. A live prime-time show is so out of the ken of the current TV generation that most people have forgotten its limitations. Timing each act to the nanosecond becomes vital; the stars' ability to ad-lib gracefully and wittily is crucial; many stars, accustomed to the adjustments of

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video tape, regard live performance as a jump without a net.

Moreover, Arledge and Cosell refuse to recycle the intramural chaff that passes for conversation on talk shows and taped variety series. "We hope to attract guests who are not normally seen on television," explains Arledge. Adds Cosell: "Are you happy with the pretaped Hollywood shows which have a floating crap game of guests with McLean Stevenson this week, Tim Conway the next week, moving between Carol Burnett and Cher?" Instead Arledge and Cosell scheduled "acts"—performers doing a full turn. ABC has money to book the best: each show is budgeted at around \$250,000 and, as Howard says, "I got a lot of due bills out to people."

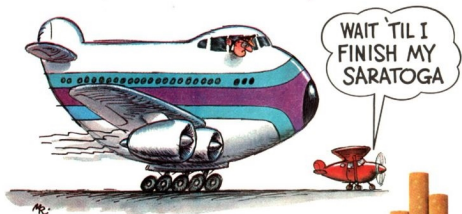
Call This Show Jaws. Among those handing in due bills on opening night were the cast of the hit Broadway musical *The Wiz*, parading down the theater's center aisle singing *Ease on Down the Road*. "Aren't they fantastic?" intoned Howard. Briefly, the ghost of Ed Sullivan seemed to fill the night air. At a funeral pace followed the non-singing Frank Sinatra, who dropped by to wish Howard luck ("Why don't you just call this show *Jaws*?"). John Denver (who dedicated a song to Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau) and Shirley Bassey. Via satellite, Howard visited a midnight concert given in London by the Bay City Rollers (*TIME*, Sept. 22), a tepid teen-age group hyped erroneously as the Beatles' successors. A more worthwhile satellite trip to Las Vegas' MGM Grand Hotel exhibited the magic team of Siegfried and Roy briskly turning lions, tigers and panthers into each other and thin air. The evening's worst-called play featured Nonstop Composer Paul Anka accompanying Tennis Star Jimmy Connors in his crooning debut. Jimmy's voice cannot compete with his twofisted backhand; he had to be helped by a taped track. Howard fatuously added, "This was a great magical moment in musical history."

A funny thing happened on the way to the debut. Patty Hearst surfaced. "This is the kind of newsbreak we want on the show," crowed a staffer, but ABC failed to hustle her parents on camera. Instead, Arledge had to make do with Howard being joshed, on tape, by Senators Edward Kennedy and Lowell Weicker. Monday-morning quarterbacking will have their greatest field day with Howard's uncharacteristic tension. "Our show will have a different feel with Howard," Arledge had boasted. But alas, even Cosell's talent for sardonic injective was dulled. Obviously reading from cue cards, he made his finest hour seem 90 minutes long. Sinatra was not punning when he predicted: "This will be a milestone on American TV."



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